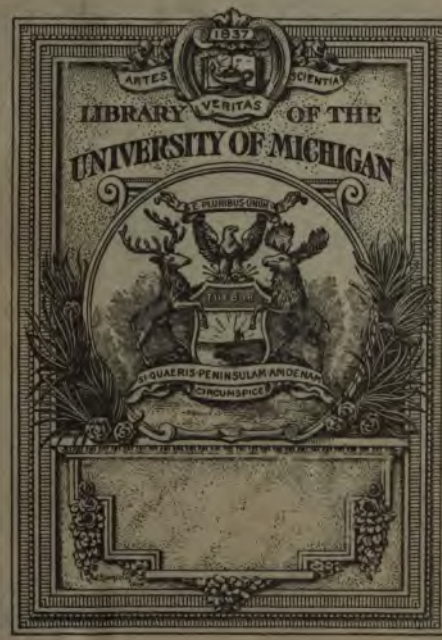
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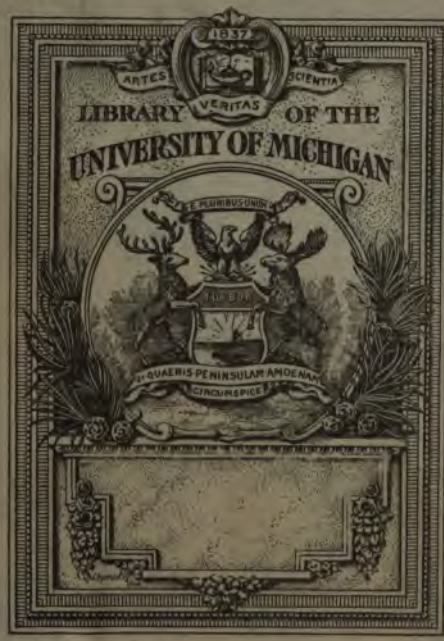
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THE

MILTON ANTHOLOGY.

1638–1674 A.D.

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BRITISH ANTHOLOGIES.

THE MILTON ANTHOLOGY.

1638–1674 A.D.

EDITED BY

PROFESSOR EDWARD ARBER, F.S.A.,

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'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever;
Its loveliness increases.'

KEATS.

LONDON:

HENRY FROWDE,

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS WAREHOUSE, AMEN CORNER, E.C.

NEW YORK: 91 & 93 FIFTH AVENUE.

1899.

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THE

MILTON

ANTHOLOGY.

1638–1674 A.D.

When I consider, how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide;
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me, useless: though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account; lest He returning chide,
'Doth GOD exact day-labour? light denied!'
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'GOD doth not need
Either Man's work, or his own gifts. Who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best! His State
Kingly. Thousands, at his bidding, speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest.
They also serve, who only stand and wait.'

O, NIGHTINGALE! that, on yon bloomy spray,
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
Thou, with fresh hope the Lover's heart dost fill
While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May.
Thy liquid notes, that close the eye of day,
First heard, before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
Portend success in love. O, if JOVE's will
Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
Now, timely sing! ere the rude bird of hate
Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh
As thou, from year to year, hast sung too late
For my relief, yet hadst no reason Why?
Whether the Muse, or LOVE, call thee his mate:
Both them I serve; and of their train am I!

DAUGHTER to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council, and her Treasury,
Who lived in both, unstained with gold or fee;
And left them both, more in himself content:
Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chæronea, fatal to liberty,
Killed, with report, that old man eloquent.
Though late born, than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourished; yet, by you,
Madam, methinks, I see him living yet:
So well your words, his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honoured MARGARET!

LYCIDAS.

YET once more, O, ye laurels; and once more
Ye myrtles brown; with ivy never sere;
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude!
And, with forced fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves, before the mellowing year.

Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due.
For LYCIDAS is dead! dead ere his prime!
Young LYCIDAS!) and hath not left his peer!
Who would not sing for LYCIDAS! He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his wat'ry bier
Unwept! and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear!

Begin then, Sisters of the Sacred Well,
That from beneath the seat of JOVE doth spring!
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string!
Hence, with denial vain, and coy excuse!
(So may some gentle Muse,
With lucky words, favour my destined urn!
And, as [s]he passes, turn
And bid, 'Fair peace be to my sable shroud!')

For we were nursed upon the selfsame hill;
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.

Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
  Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove afield; and both together heard
  What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn;
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,
Towards heaven's descent had sloped his westerin
    wheel.
  Meanwhile the rural Ditties were not mute.
      Tempered to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danced; and Fauns, with cloven hee
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old DAMŒTUS loved to hear our Song.

But, O, the heavy change! Now, thou art gone!
  Now, thou art gone; and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd[s]; thee, the woods; and desert cave
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown;
      And all their echoes, mourn!
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
      Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft Lays!
  As killing, as the canker to the rose;
Or taint-worm, to the weanling herds that graze;
Or frost, to flowers that their gay wardrobe wear,
      When first the white-thorn blows:
Such, LYCIDAS! thy loss to Shepherd's ear!

Where were ye, Nymphs! when the remorseless dee
Closed o'er the head of your loved LYCIDAS?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,

Where your old Bards, the famous Druids, lie;
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high;
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream—
Ay me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there!—For what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself, that ORPHEUS bore,
The Muse herself, for her inchanting son!
Whom universal Nature did lament;
When, by the rout, that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus, to the Lesbian shore.

Alas! What boots it! with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, Shepherd's trade;
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse!
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with AMARYLLIS in the shade;
Or with the tangles of NEÆRA's hair?
Fame is the spur that, the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind!)
To spurn delights, and live laborious days:
But the fair guerdon, when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury, with th' abhorrèd shears!
And slits the thin-spun life! 'But not the praise!'
PHŒBUS replied; and touched my trembling ears.
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil;
Nor in the glist'ring foil
Set off to th' World; nor in broad rumour lies:
But lives, and spreads, aloft, by those pure eyes

And perfect witness of all-judging JOVE.
As he pronounces, lastly, on each deed;
Of so much fame in heaven, expect thy meed!'
O, fountain Arethuse; and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds!
That strain I heard was of a higher mood!

But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the Herald of the Sea,
That came in NEPTUNE's plea.
He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
'What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle Swain?'
And questioned every gust, of rugged wings,
That blows from off each beakèd promontory.

They knew not of his story;
And sage HIPPOTADES their answer brings,
'That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;
The air was calm; and on the level brine,
Sleek PANOPE, with all her sisters, played.'
It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
Built in th' eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
That sank so low that sacred head of thine!

Next, CAMUS, reverend Sire! went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim; and on the edge,
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.
'Ah! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?'

Last came; and last did go,
The Pilot of the Galilean lake.
Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain;
The golden opes! The iron shuts amain!
He shook his mitred locks; and stern bespake:
'How well could I have spared for thee, young [Swain!
Anow of such as, for their bellies' sake,
Creep, and intrude, and climb, into the fold!
Of other care, they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the Shearers' feast;
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheephook; or have learned aught else the least
That to the faithful Herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them! What need they? They are sped!
And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw!
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed;
But (swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw)
Rot inwardly; and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf, with privy paw,
Daily devours apace; and nothing said!
But that two-handed engine, at the door
Stands ready, to smite once; and smite[s] no more!'

Return, Alpheus! The dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams! Return, Sicilian Muse!
And call the Vales; and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues!
Ye Valleys low! (where the mild whispers use

Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks)
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes!
That, on the green turf, suck the honied showers,
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan, that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears!
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed;
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse, where LYCID lies!

For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise!
Ay me! whilst thee, the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away: where'er thy bones are hurled,
(Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides;
Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of BELLERUS old;
Where the great Vision of the Guarded Mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold)
Look homeward, Angel, now; and melt with ruth!
And, O, ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woeful Shepherds! weep no more!
For LYCIDAS, your sorrow, is not dead;
Sunk though he be, beneath the wat'ry floor.
So sinks the Day Star in the ocean bed:
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams; and, with new-spangled o'er,
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
So, LYCIDAS, sunk low; but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where other groves, and other streams along,
With nectar pure, his oozy locks he laves;
And hears the unexpressive Nuptial Song
In the blest Kingdoms meek, of joy and love.
There, entertain him, all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies:
That sing; and, singing, in their glory move;
And wipe the tears, for ever, from his eyes.

Now, LYCIDAS! the Shepherds weep no more!
Henceforth, thou art the Genius of the shore!
In thy large recompense; and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth Swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still Morn went out with sandals gray.
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric Lay.
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills;
And now was dropped into the western bay.
At last, he rose, and twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow, to fresh woods and pastures new!

L' ALLEGRO.

HENCE, loathèd Melancholy!
Of CERBERUS and blackest Midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn.
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings!
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell!

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven ycleped EUPHROSYNE;
And by men, heart-easing Mirth;
Whom lovely VENUS, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd BACCHUS bore.
Or whether, as some sager sing,
The frolic wind that breathes the Spring,
ZEPHYR, with AURORA playing,
As he met her once a Maying,
There, on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee; a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair!

Haste thee, Nymph! and bring with thee

Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and Cranks, and wanton Wiles,
Nods, and Becks, and wreathèd Smiles,
Such as hang on HEBE's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.

Come! and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe!
And, in thy right hand, lead with thee
The mountain Nymph, sweet Liberty!
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth! admit me of thy crew!
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprovèd pleasures free!
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies;
Till the dappled dawn doth rise:
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And, at my window, bid 'Good morrow!'
Through the sweet-briar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine.
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin;
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before;
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumb'ring Morn,

From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.

Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the Eastern Gate,
Where the great sun begins his State,
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight:
While the plowman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land;
And the milkmaid singeth blithe;
And the mower whets his scythe;
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.

Straight, mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray.
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest.
Meadows trim, with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosomed high in tufted trees;
Where, perhaps, some Beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two agèd oaks;

Where CORYDON and THYRSIS met,
Are at their savoury dinner set,
Of herbs and other country messes;
Which the neat-handed PHILLIS dresses:
And then, in haste, her bower she leaves,
With THESTYLIS, to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite.
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a Youth, and many a Maid,
Dancing in the checkered shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday
Till the livelong daylight fail.
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale;
With stories told, of many a feat,
How Fairy MAB, the junkets eat.
She was pinched, and pulled, she said;
And by the Friar's Lanthorn led.
Tells, How the drudging Goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set;
When, in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn,
That ten day-labourers could not end!
Then lies him down, the lubber Fiend;
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,

Basks at the fire, his hairy strength;
And, crop-full, out of door he flings,
Ere the first cock, his Matin[s] rings.
  Thus done the tales, to bed they creep;
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.

  Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men.
Where throngs of Knights and Barons bold
In weeds of peace, high Triumphs hold;
With store of Ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of Wit, or Arms; while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
  There, let HYMEN oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear!
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With Masque, and antique Pageantry!
Such sights as youthful Poets dream
On summer eves, by haunted stream.

  Then, to the well-trod Stage anon,
If JONSON's learnèd Sock be on;
Or sweetest SHAKESPEARE, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
  And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian Airs
Married to immortal Verse!
Such as, the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout

Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice, through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of Harmony:
That ORPHEUS' self may heave his head
From golden slumber, on a bed
Of heaped Elysian flowers; and hear
Such strains, as would have won the ear
Of PLUTO, to have quite set free
His half-regained EURYDICE.

These delights, if thou canst give;
Mirth, with thee I mean to live!

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCE, vain deluding Joys!
The brood of Folly, without father bred.
How little, you bestead,
Or fill, the fixèd mind, with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain;
And fancies fond, with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams;
Or likest hovering Dreams,
The fickle Pensioners of MORPHEUS' train!

But hail, thou Goddess, sage and holy!
Hail, divinest Melancholy!

Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore, to our weaker view,
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue.
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince MEMNON's sister might beseem;
Or that starred Ethiop Queen, that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The Sea Nymphs', and their Powers offended.
  Yet thou art higher far descended!
Thee, bright-haired VESTA, long of yore,
To solitary SATURN bore.
His daughter she. (In SATURN's reign,
Such mixture was not held a stain!)
Oft, in glimmering bowers and glades,
He met her; and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove:
While yet there was no fear of JOVE.

  Come, pensive Nun! devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.

  Come, but keep thy wonted State,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies;
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes!

There, held in holy Passion still,
Forget thyself to marble! till,
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.

And join with thee, calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast that oft with Gods doth diet;
And hears the Muses, in a ring,
Aye round about JOVE's altar sing.
And add to these, retired Leisure;
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring
Him, that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheelèd Throne,
The Cherub Contemplation.
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less PHILOMEL will deign a Song
In her sweetest, saddest, plight;
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night:
While CYNTHIA checks her dragon yoke
Gently, o'er th' accustomed oak.

Sweet bird! that shunn'st the noise of folly;
Most musical! most melancholy!
Thee, Chantress! oft, the woods among,
I woo, to hear thy Even Song:
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring Moon
Riding near her highest noon,

Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way;
And, oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
  Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow, with sullen roar.

  Or, if the air will not permit;
Some still removèd place will fit!
Where glowing embers, through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom:
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth;
Or the Bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

  Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely Tower;
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice-great HERMES: or unsphere
The Spirit of PLATO, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those Demons, that are found
In Fire, Air, Flood, or under Ground;
Whose power hath a true consent
With Planet, or with Element.

Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy,
In sceptred pall, come sweeping by;
Presenting Thebes, or PELOPS' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare!) of later Age,
Ennobled hath the buskined Stage.

But, O, sad Virgin! that thy power
Might raise MUSÆUS from his bower!
Or bid the soul of ORPHEUS sing
Such notes, as warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down PLUTO's cheek;
And made Hell grant what Love did seek!
Or call up him, that left half told
The story of CAMBUSCAN bold,
Of CAMBALL, and of ALGARSIFE;
And who had CANACE to wife,
That owned the virtuous Ring and Glass;
And of the wondrous Horse of Brass,
On which the Tartar King did ride!
And if aught else, great Bards beside,
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of Tourneys, and of Trophies hung,
Of forests, and inchantments drear;
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night! oft see me, in thy pale career!
Till civil-suited Morn appear:

Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt;
But kercheft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud:
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill;
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.

And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams; me, Goddess! bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves;
And shadows brown, that SYLVAN loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak:
Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,
Was never heard, the Nymphs to daunt;
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye!
While the bee, with honied thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing;
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep;
Entice the dewy-feathered sleep!
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave, at his wings, in airy stream,
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid!
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe

Above! about! or underneath!
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious Cloisters pale!
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof;
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There, let the pealing Organ blow
To the full-voiced Quire below,
In Service high, and Anthems clear,
As may, with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies;
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may, at last, my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown, and mossy cell;
Where I may sit, and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain!

These pleasures, Melancholy! give;
And I with thee will choose to live!

LADY, that, in the prime of earliest youth,
  Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the gree
  And, with those few, art eminently seen,
That labour up the Hill of Heavenly Truth;
The 'better part,' with MARY and with RUTH,
  Chosen thou hast! and they that overween,
  And at thy growing virtues fret their spleen,
No anger find in thee; but pity and ruth!
Thy care is fixed, and zealously attends
  To fill thy odorous Lamp with deeds of light,
  And hope that reaps not shame. Therefore, be sur
Thou (when the Bridegroom, with his feastful friend
  Passes to bliss, at the mid hour of night)
  Hast gained thy entrance! Virgin wise and pur

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT.

AVENGE, O, LORD! thy slaughtered Saints; whose bon
  Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold:
  Even them, who kept thy truth so pure of old;
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stone
Forget not! In thy Book, record their groans!
  Who were thy sheep; and, in their ancient fold,
  Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks! Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills; and they,
  To heaven! Their martyred blood and ashes so
O'er all th' Italian fields! where still doth sway
  The Triple-Tyrant: that, from these, may grow
A hundredfold! who, having learnt thy Way,
  Early may fly the Babylonian Woe.

ON CHLORIS WALKING IN THE SNOW.

I SAW fair CHLORIS walk alone,
When feathered rain came softly down;
Then JOVE descended from his Tower,
To court her in a silver shower.
The wanton snow flew to her breast,
Like little birds into their nest;
But overcome with whiteness there,
For grief, it thawed into a tear:
Then falling down her garment hem,
(To deck her) froze into a gem.

WHEN THIRSIS did the splendid eye
Of PHILLIS, his fair Mistress, spy,
'Was ever such a glorious Queen,'
Said he, 'unless above 'twere seen!'

Fair PHILLIS, with a blushing Air,
Hearing those words, became more fair.
'Away!' says he, 'You need not take
Fresh beauty, you more fair to make!'

Then, with a winning smile and look,
His candid flattery she took.
'O stay!' said he, ''tis done, I vow!
THIRSIS is captivated now!'

William Habington.

FINE young Folly! though you were
That fair Beauty I did swear;
Yet you ne'er could reach my heart!
For we, Courtiers, learn at school,
Only with your Sex to fool!
Y' are not worth the serious part!

When I sigh, and kiss your hand;
Cross my arms, and wond'ring stand,
Holding parley with your eye;
Then dilate on my desires,
Swear, the sun ne'er shot such fires:
All is but a handsome lie!

When I eye your curl, or lace,
Gentle Soul! you think your face
Straight some murder doth commit!
And your virtue doth begin
To grow scrupulous of my sin:
When I talk, to show my wit!

Therefore, Madam, wear no cloud!
Nor, to check my love, grow proud!
For, in sooth, I much do doubt
    'Tis the powder in your hair,
    Not your breath, perfumes the air!
And your clothes, that set you out!

Yet though truth hath this confest;
And I vow, I love in jest!
When I next begin to court,
    And protest an amorous flame;
    You will swear I, in earnest am!
Bedlam! This is pretty sport!

VERSES

WRITTEN AT THE TIME OF THE EXECUTION OI THOMAS WENTWORTH, EARL OF STRAFFORD AND IN HIS NAME.

Go, empty joys,
With all your noise;
And leave me here alone,
In sweet sad silence, to bemoan
Your vain and fleet delight!
Whose danger, none can see aright;
Whilst your false splendour dims his sight.

Go, and insnare,
With your false ware,
Some other easy wight;
And cheat him, with your flattering light!
Rain on his head, a shower
Of Honours, Favour, Wealth, and Power!
Then, snatch it from him in an hour!

Fill his big mind
With gallant wind

Of insolent applause!
Let him not fear all-curbing Laws!
Nor King! nor people's frown!
But dream of something like a crown;
Then, climbing towards it, tumble down!

Let him appear,
In his bright Sphere,
Like CYNTHIA in her pride;
With star-like troops on every side!
Such, for their number and their light,
As may, at last, o'erwhelm him quite;
And blend us both in one dead night.

Welcome, sad Night;
Grief's sole delight!
Your mourning best agrees
With Honour's funeral obsequies!
In THETIS' lap he lies,
Mantled with soft securities;
Whose too much sunshine blinds his eyes!

Was he too bold,
That needs would hold,
With curbing reins, the Day;
And make SOL's fiery steeds obey?
Then, sure, as rash was I!
Who, with ambitious wings, did fly
In CHARLES his Wain too loftily!

I fall! I fall!
Whom shall I call?
Alas, can he be heard,
Who now is neither loved, nor feared?
You, who were wont to kiss the ground
Where'er my honoured steps were found,
Come, catch me at my last rebound!

How each admires
Heaven's twinkling fires;
When, from their glorious seat,
Their influence gives light and heat!
But O, how few there are
(Though danger, from that act be far!)
Will stoop, and catch a falling star!

Now, 'tis too late
To imitate
Those lights! whose pallidness
Argues no inward guiltiness.
Their course one way is bent!
The reason is, there 's no dissent
In Heaven's High Court of Parliament!

London. Printed 1641.

TELL me not, I my time misspend!
  'Tis time lost, to reprove me!
Pursue thou thine! I have my end;
  So CHLORIS only love me!

Tell me not, others' flocks are full;
  Mine poor! Let them despise me,
Who more abound in milk and wool;
  So CHLORIS only prize me!

Tire others' easier ears with these
  Un-appertaining stories!
He never felt the World's disease,
  Who cared not for her glories!

For pity! thou that wiser art,
  Whose thoughts lie wide of mine,
Let me alone, with mine own heart;
  And I'll ne'er envy thine!

Nor blame him, whoe'er blames my wit;
  That seeks no higher prize
Than, in unenvied shades, to sit
  And sing of CHLORIS' eyes.

TO THE FIVE MEMBERS,

THE HUMBLE PETITION OF THE POETS.

AFTER so many concurring Petitions,
From all ages, and sexes, and all conditions;
We come in the rear, to present our follies
To PYM, STRODE, HASLERIG, H[AMPDEN], and H[OLLES]!
Though Set Form of Prayer be an abomination;
Set Forms of Petitions find great approbation!
Therefore, as others from the bottom of their souls,
So we, from the depth and bottom of our bowls,
According unto the blessed form you have taught us,
We thank you, first, for all the Ills you have brought us!
For the Good we receive, we thank Him that gave it!
And you, for the confidence only to crave it!
Next in course, we complain of the great Violation
Of Privilege, like the rest of our nation:
But 'tis none of yours, of which we have spoken;
Which never had being, until it was broken!
But ours is a Privilege ancient and native;
Hangs not on an *Ordinance*, or Power Legislative!
And, first, 'tis to speak whatever we please;
Without fear of a prison, or Pursuivant's fees.
Next, that we only, may *lie* by authority;
But in that also, you have got the priority!
Next, an old custom, our fathers did name it
Poetical License; and always did claim it.
By this, we have power to change Age into Youth;
Turn Nonsense to Sense, and Falsehood to Truth.

In brief, we make good whatsoever is faulty;
This art, some Poet, or the Devil, has taught ye!
And thus our property you have invaded;
And a Privilege of both Houses have made it!
But that trust above all, in Poets reposed;
That Kings by them only, are made and deposed
(This, though you cannot do; yet you are willing!):
But when we undertake deposing, or killing,
They're tyrants! and monsters! and yet then, the Poet
Takes full revenge on the villains that do it!
And when we resume a sceptre, or a crown;
We are modest, and seek not to make it our own!
But is 't not presumption to write verses to you;
Who make the better Poems of the two!
For all those pretty knacks you compose;
Alas, what are they but Poems in Prose!
And between those and ours there 's no difference;
But that yours want the rhyme, the wit, and the sense!
But for *lying* (the most noble part of a Poet!),
You have it abundantly; and yourselves know it!
And though you are modest, and seem to abhor it;
'T has done you good service, and thank Hell for it!
Although the old maxim remains still in force,
That a Sanctified Cause must have a Sanctified Course;
If poverty be a part of our trade,
So far, the whole Kingdom, Poets you have made!
Nay, even so far as undoing will do it,
You have made King CHARLES himself a Poet!
provoke not his Muse! for all the World knows,
ady you have had too much of his Prose!

Sir John Denham.

Morpheus, the humble God that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs, and beds of down;
And (though he fears no Prince's frown)
Flies from the circle of a crown!

Come, I say, thou powerful God!
And thy leaden charming rod
(Dipped in the Lethean lake)
O'er his wakeful temples shake!
Lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature! alas, why art thou so
Obligèd to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of Death it bears a taste!
And both are the same thing at last.

THE night is come, like to the day;
Depart not, Thou, great GOD, away!
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of Thy light!
Keep still in my horizon! for, to me,
The sun makes not the day; but Thee!
Thou, whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples, sentry keep!
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes;
Whose eyes are open, while mine close!
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as JACOB's temples blest!
While I do rest, my soul advance!
Make my sleep a holy trance;
That I may, my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought!
And with as active vigour run
My course, as doth the nimble sun!
Sleep is a death! O, make me try,
By sleeping, what it is to die!
And as gently lay my head
Upon my grave, as, now, my bed!
Howe'er I rest, great GOD, let me
Awake again, at last, with Thee!
And thus assured, behold, I lie
Securely, or to wake! or die!
These are my drowsy days! In vain
I do now wake; to sleep again!
O, come that hour, when I shall never
Sleep again; but wake for ever!

Anonymous.

Not that I wish my Mistress
More, or less, than what She is,
Write I these lines! For 'tis too late,
Rules to prescribe unto my fate!

But yet, as tender stomachs call
For some choice meat, that bear not all;
A queasy Lover may impart
What Mistress 'tis, that please his heart!

First, I would have her richly spread
With Nature's blossoms, white and red!
For flaming hearts will quickly die,
That have not fuel from the eye.

Yet this alone will never win,
Except some treasure lies within!
For where the spoil 's not worth the stay;
Men raise their siege, and go away!

I'd have her wise enough to know
When, and to whom, a grace to show!
For she that doth at random choose;
She will as soon her choice refuse!

And yet, methinks, I'd have her mind,
To flowing courtesy inclined;
And tender-hearted as a Maid:
Yet pity, only when I prayed.

And I would wish her true to be,
Mistake me not! I mean to me!
She that loves me, and loves one more,
Will love the Kingdom o'er and o'er!

And I could wish her full of wit;
Knew She how for to housewife it!
But she, whose wisdom makes her dare
To try her wit, will sell more ware!

Some other things, delight will bring;
As if She dances, play, and sing;
So they be safe! What though her parts
Catch ten thousand foreign hearts!

But, let me see! Should She be proud;
A little pride should be allowed!
Each amorous boy will sport and prate
Too freely, where he finds not State.

I care not much, though She let down
Sometime a chiding, or a frown;
But if She wholly quench desire,
'Tis hard to kindle a new fire!

To smile, to toy, is not amiss;
Sometimes to interpose a kiss:
But not to cloy! Such things are good,
Pleasant for sauce; but not for food!

THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN.

WHAT BOOKER can prognosticate,
Or speak of our Kingdom's present state;
I think myself to be as wise
As he that most looks in the skies!
My skill goes beyond the depths of the POND
Or RIVER in the greatest rain!
By the which I can tell, that all things will be well,
When the King comes home in peace again.

There is no Astrologer then, I say,
Can search more deep in this, than I!
To give you a reason from the stars,
What causeth Peace, or Civil Wars.
The Man in the Moon may wear out his shoon,
In running after CHARLES his Wain;
But all to no end! For the Times, they will mend,
When the King comes home in peace again.

Though, for a time, you may see White Hall
With cobwebs hanging over the wall;
Instead of silk and silver braid,
As formerly it used to have;
In every room, the sweet perfume,
Delightful for that Princely train;
The which you shall see, when the time it shall be
That the King comes home in peace again.

Full forty years, the royal Crown
Hath been his father's and his own;
And, I am sure, there 's none but he
Hath right to that sovereignty!
Then, who better may, the sceptre to sway
Than he that hath such right to reign!
The hope of your Peace! for the wars will then cease,
When the King comes home in peace again.

Till then, upon Ararat's hill,
My hope shall cast her anchor still;
Until I see some peaceful dove
Bring home the branch which I do love!
Still will I wait, till the waters abate;
Which most disturb my troubled brain.
For I'll never rejoice, till I hear that voice,
'That the King comes home in peace again.'

Oxford and Cambridge shall agree,
Crowned with honour and dignity.
Learnèd men shall then take place,
And bad men silenced with disgrace.
They'll know it then, to be a shameful strain
That hath so long disturbed their brain:
For I can surely tell, that all things shall go well,
When the King comes home in peace again.

Church Government shall settled be;
And then, I hope, we shall agree
Without their help; whose high-brain zeal
Hath long disturbed our common weal:
Greed out of date; and cobblers that do prate
Of wars, that still disturb their brain.
The which you shall see, when the time it shall be,
That the King comes home in peace again.

Though many men are much in debt,
And many shops are to be let;
A Golden Time is drawing near!
Men shall take shops to hold their ware;
And then all our trade shall flourish *à la mode*!
The which, ere long, we shall obtain.
By the which I can tell, all things will be well,
When the King comes home in peace again.

Maidens shall enjoy their makes;
And honest men, their lost estates.
Women shall have, what they do lack—
Their husbands; who are coming back.
When the wars have an end; then I and my friend,
All subjects' freedom shall obtain.
By the which I can tell, all things will be well,
When we enjoy sweet Peace again.

Though people now walk in great fear
Alongst the country everywhere:
Thieves shall then tremble at the Law;
And Justice shall keep them in awe!
The Frenches shall flee, with their treachery;
And the King's foes ashamed remain.
The which you shall see, when time it shall be,
That the King comes home in peace again.

The Parliament must willing be,
That all the World may plainly see,
How they do labour still for Peace;
That now these bloody wars may cease.
For they will gladly spend their lives to defend
The King in all his right to reign!
So then I can tell, all things will be well,
When we enjoy sweet Peace again.

When all these things, to pass shall come;
Then, farewell, musket! pike! and drum!
The lamb shall with the lion feed;
Which were a happy time indeed!
, let us all pray, we may see the day,
That Peace may govern in his name!
r then I can tell, all things will be well,
When the King comes home in peace again.

GOD SAVE THE KING! AMEN.

BEAUTY and LOVE once fell at odds;
  And thus reviled each other.
Quoth LOVE, 'I am one of the Gods;
  And you wait on my mother!
Thou hast no power o'er Man at all;
  But what I gave to thee!
Nor art thou longer fair, or sweet;
  Than men acknowledge me!'

'Away, fond Boy!' then BEAUTY said,
  'We see that thou art blind!
But men have knowing eyes, and can
  My graces better find.
'Twas I begot thee, mortals know;
  And called thee, "blind Desire."
I made thy arrows, and thy bow;
  And wings to kindle fire!'

LOVE here, in anger, flew away;
  And straight to VULCAN prayed,
That he would tip his shafts with scorn,
  To punish this proud Maid.
So Beauty, ever since, hath been
  But courted for an hour!
To love a day, is now a sin
  'Gainst CUPID and his power.

UPON HIS CONSTANT MISTRESS.

SHE 's not the fairest of her name;
  But yet She conquers more than all the race!
For She hath other motives to inflame,
  Besides a lovely face!
There 's wit and constancy;
  And charms that strike the soul more than the eye!
'Tis no easy Lover knows, how to discover
  Such divinity!

But yet She is an easy book,
  Written in plain language for the meaner wit;
A stately garb, and yet a gracious look;
  With all things justly fit.
But Age will undermine
This glorious outside, that appears so fine!
  When the common Lover
  Shrinks, and gives her over;
Then, She 's only mine!

To the Platonic, that applies
  His clear addresses only to the Mind;
The body but a Temple signifies,
  Wherein the Saint 's inshrined.
To him, it is all one,
  Whether the walls be marble, or rough stone!
Nay, in Holy Places which old Time defaces,
  More devotion 's shown!

ELEVENTH EGLOGUE.

PHILARCHUS. PHILORTHUS. ANARCHUS

PHILORTHUS.

WHY, Shepherd, there 's the Plot! The surest way
To take the fish, is give her leave to play;
And yield her line. He best can cure the cause,
That marks th' effect. *Evil manners breed good laws.*
The wise Assembly, knowing well the length
Of the rude popular foot, with what a strength
The vulgar fancy still pursues the toy
That 's last presented, leaves them to enjoy
Their uncontrollèd wills; until they tire,
And quickly surfeit on their own desire:
Whose wild disorders secretly confess
Needful support of what they'd most suppress.
But who comes here? ANARCHUS!

PHILARCHUS.

'Tis the same.

PHILORTHUS.

How like a meteor, made of zeal and flame,
The man appears!

PHILARCHUS.

Or like a blazing star!
Portending change of State, or some sad War,
Or death of some good Prince.

PHILORTHUS.

He 's the trouble
three sad Kingdoms!

PHILARCHUS.

Even the very bubble,
: froth of troubled waters!

PHILORTHUS.

He 's a page
ed with Erratas of the present Age!

PHILARCHUS.

: Church's scourge!

PHILORTHUS.

The Devil's Enchiridion!

PHILARCHUS.

'he squib, the *ignis fatuus*, of Religion!
he 's at hand. ANARCHUS! what 's the news?

PHILORTHUS.

: a brown study!

PHILARCHUS.

Speechless!

PHILORTHUS.

In a muse!

ANARCHUS.

Man, if thou be'st a Babe of Grace,
  And of a Holy Seed;
I will reply incontinent,
  And in my words proceed!
But if thou art a Child of Wrath,
  And lewd in conversation;
I will not then converse with thee,
  Nor hold communication!

PHILORTHUS.

I trust, ANARCHUS, we all three inherit
The selfsame gifts; and share the selfsame Spirit.

ANARCHUS.

Know then, my brethren! heaven is clear;
  And all the clouds are gone!
The Righteous now shall flourish; and
  Good days are coming on!
Come then, my brethren! and be glad;
  And eke rejoice with me!
Lawn Sleeves and Rochets shall go down;
  And, hey! then up go we!

We'll break the windows, which the Whore
  Of Babylon hath painted;
And when the Popish Saints are down,
  Then BARROW shall be sainted!
There 's neither Cross, nor Crucifix,
  Shall stand for men to see!
Rome's trash and trump'ries shall go down;
  And, hey! then up go we!

Whate'er the Popish hands have built,
  Our hammers shall undo!
We'll break their Pipes, and burn their Copes;
  And pull down Churches too!
We'll Exercise within the groves;
  And teach beneath a tree!
We'll make a pulpit of a cart;
  And, hey! then up go we!

We'll down with all the 'Varsities!
  Where Learning is profest;
Because they practise and maintain
  The language of the Beast.
We'll drive the Doctors out of doors;
  And Arts, where'er they be!
We'll cry both Arts and Learning down;
  And, hey! then up go we!

We'll down with Deans, and Prebends too!
  But I rejoice to tell ye,
How, then, we will eat pig our fill;
  And capon by the belly!
We'll burn the Fathers' witty tomes;
  And make the Schoolmen flee!
We'll down with all that smells of wit;
  And, hey! then up go we!

If once, that antichristian crew
  Be crushed and overthrown,
We'll teach the Nobles how to crouch;
  And keep the Gentry down!
Good manners have an evil report,
  And turn to pride, we see;
We'll therefore cry good manners down;
  And, hey! then up go we!

The name of Lord shall be abhorred!
  For every man 's a brother.
No reason why, in Church, or State,
  One man should rule another.
But when the Change of Government
  Shall set our fingers free;
We'll make the wanton sisters stoop!
  And, hey! then up go we!

Our Cobblers shall translate their souls
  From caves obscure and shady!
We'll make Tom T[YLER] as good as my Lord;
  And JOAN as good as my Lady!
We'll crush, and fling the Marriage Ring
  Into the Roman see!
We'll ask no Bands, but even clap hands;
  And, hey! then up go we!

PHILARCHUS.

Heaven keep such vermin hence! If sinful dust
ay boldly choose a punishment, and trust
eir own desires; let Famine, Plague, or Sword;
treacherous friend, or (what is more abhorred!)
foolish fair contentious wife, first seize
our sad souls: than such wild beasts as these!

ANARCHUS.

Surely, thou art a hypocrite!
  A lewd false-hearted brother!
I find thou art a Child of Rome;
  And smell the Whore thy mother!

PHILORTHUS.

Away, false varlet! Come not near my flocks!
Thou taint'st my pastures! Neither wolf, nor fox
Is half so furious! They, by stealth, can prey,
Perchance, upon a lamb; and so away!
But thy bloodthirsty malice is so bold,
Before my face, to poison all my fold!
I warn thee hence! Come not within my list!
Be still (what thou art thought!) a Separatist!

ANARCHUS.

Thou art the Spawn of Antichrist;
And so is this, thy brother!
Thou art a Man of BELIAL;
And he is such another!
I say, thou art a Priest of BAAL;
And, surely, I defy thee!
To SATAN, I will leave thy soul;
And never more come nigh thee!

PHILARCHUS.

A gentle riddance! O, may never cross
Fall heavier on this land, than such a loss!

THE CAVALIER HUSBAND.

TUSH! let them keep him, if they can;
He 's not in hold, while you are free!
Come, weep no more! but pledge the man;
Who, though in fetters, yet can be
A prisoner unto none but thee!
Then, dry your tears! for every tear
Makes them, like drowned worlds to appear.

Post through the air, my fancy went;
And there stood by,
When he was brought to th' Parliament;
And, straight, 'To the bar! To the bar!' they cry.
The smiling Captain askèd, 'Why?'
With that, they soon drew up his Charge.
Lady, you shall hear 't at large!

Imprimis. *He is married late,*
With a ring too! unto a Saint,
Would make the best of us amate!
Witty, pretty, young, and quaint;
And fairer than our wives can paint!
Her lips doth set men's teeth on edge;
Sure, that 's a Breach of Privilege! . . .

Item. *This fair Delinquent hath*
A pair of Organs in her throat;
Which, when she doth inspire with breath,
She can command in every note.
Her very hair, put in array,
Will fetter the Militia!

Her cheeks still Nature's pattern have;
Not yet called in!
But in them ingrossed all that is brave:
And other Ladies hucksters be;
Her beauty, the Monopoly!
When theirs 's gone, to her they come;
And chaffer in her face for some.

She hath an altar on her brow;
Her eyes are two fires, on each side,
Where superstitious Lovers bow!
Her name is MARY *too, beside!*
'Let's clap him up, till further leisure; [The Vote
And send for her, to wait our pleasure!'

Then go, fair Lady! follow him!
Fear no trumpet! fear no drum!
Fair women may prevail with PYM;
And one sweet smile, when there you come
Will quickly speak the Speaker dumb!
If not, then let one tear be spent;
And 'twill dissolve the Parliament!

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
'That now She knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair She seems to be!'

Tell her, that 's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
'That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died!'

Small is the worth
Of Beauty, from the light retired!
Bid her, come forth!
Suffer herself to be desired;
And not blush so, to be admired!

Then, die! that She,
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee!
How small a part of time they share;
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

PEACE! babbling Muse!
I dare not sing what you indite!
Her eyes refuse
To read the Passion, which they write!

She strikes my lute; but if it sound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground!
And I, no less her anger dread:
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead;
While some fierce lion does embrace
His breathless corpse, and licks his face!
Wrapped up in silent fear he lies!
Torn all to pieces, if he cries!

ON LOVING AT FIRST SIGHT.

Not caring to observe the wind,
Or the new sea explore;
Snatched from myself, how far behind
Already I behold the shore!
May not a thousand dangers sleep
In the smooth bosom of this deep?
No! 'Tis so rockless, and so clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Paved all with precious things; not torn
From shipwrecked vessels, but there born!

Sweetness, Truth, and every Grace
Which Time and Use are wont to teach;
The eye may in a moment reach!
And read distinctly in her face!

Some other Nymph, with colours faint
And pencil slow, may, CUPID paint;
And a weak heart, in time, destroy!
She has a stamp! and prints the Boy!
Can, with a single look, inflame
The coldest breast; the rudest, tame!

TO FLAVIA.

'TIS not your beauty can engage
My wary heart!
The sun, in all his pride and rage,
Has not that art;
And yet he shines as bright as you!
If brightness could our souls subdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
Nor those you write,
Which can make THIRSIS' heart your prey!
For that delight,
(The graces of a well-taught mind!)
In some of our own sex we find!

No, FLAVIA! 'Tis your love I fear!
LOVE'S surest darts,
Those which so seldom fail him, are
Headed with hearts!
Their very shadows make us yield!
Dissemble well; and win the Field!

TO VANDYKE.

RARE artisan! whose pencil moves
Not our delight alone; but loves!
From thy Shop of Beauty we
Slaves return! that entered free.
The heedless Lover does not know
Whose eyes they are, that wound him so!
But, confounded with thy art,
Inquires her name that has his heart!
Another, who did long refrain,
Feels his old wounds bleed fresh again
With dear remembrance of that face:
Where now he reads new hopes of grace;
Nor scorn, nor cruelty, does find;
But gladly suffers a false wind
To blow the ashes of despair
From the reviving brand of care!
Fool! that forgets her stubborn look!
This softness, from thy finger took!
Strange, that thy hand should not inspire
The beauty only, but the fire!
Not the form alone and grace,
But act and power of a face!
Mayst thou yet thyself, as well
As all the World beside, excel!
So you th' unfeigned truth rehearse,
That I may make it live in verse,
Why thou couldst not, at one assay,

That face to after Times convey;
Which this admires? Was it thy wit,
To make her oft before thee sit?
Confess! and we'll forgive thee this.
For who would not repeat that bliss!
And frequent sight of such a Dame,
Buy with the hazard of his fame!
  Yet who can tax thy blameless skill,
Though thy good hand had failèd still;
When Nature's self so often errs!
She, for this many thousand years,
Seems to have practised with much care
To frame the race of women fair;
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before, to grace the Earth!
Which waxèd old, ere it could see
Her, that amazed thy art and thee!
  But now 'tis done; O, let me know
Where those immortal colours grow,
That could this deathless piece compose
In lilies, or the fading rose!
No! For this theft, thou hast climbed higher
Than did PROMETHEUS for his fire!

THE SELF-BANISHED.

IT is not that I love you less,
  Than when before your feet I lay;
But to prevent the sad increase
  Of hopeless love, I keep away!

In vain, alas! For every thing
    Which I have known belong to you,
Your form does to my fancy bring;
    And makes my old wounds bleed anew!

Who, in the Spring, from the new sun,
    Already has a fever got;
Too late begins those shafts to shun,
    Which Phœbus through his veins has shot!

Too late, he would the pain assuage;
    And to thick shadows does retire!
About with him, he bears the rage;
    And in his mixed blood, the fire!

But vowed I have! and never must
    Your banished Servant trouble you!
For if I break; you may mistrust
    The vow I made to love you too!

ON THE FRIENDSHIP BETWIXT SACHARISSA AND AMORET.

TELL me, lovely loving pair!
    Why so kind, and so severe?
Why so careless of our care?
    Only to yourselves so dear!

By this cunning change of hearts;
    You the power of LOVE control!
While the Boy's deluded darts
    Can arrive at neither's soul!

For, in vain to either breast,
    Still beguilèd LOVE does come:
Where he finds a foreign guest;
    Neither of your hearts at home!

Debtors thus, with like design,
    When they never mean to pay,
That they may the law decline,
    To some friend make all away!

Not the silver doves that fly,
    Yoked in CYTHEREA's car;
Not the wings that lift so high,
    And convey her son so far;

Are so lovely, sweet, and fair;
    Or do more ennoble Love!
Are so choicely matched a pair;
    Or with more consent do move!

OF LOVE.

ANGER, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes!
And Sorrow too, finds some relief
In tears; which wait upon our grief!

So ev'ry Passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redress does move!
But that alone, the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs!

Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep!
Disordered, tremble, fawn, and creep!
Postures which render him despised;
Where he endeavours to be prized!

For women (born to be controlled!)
Stoop to the Forward and the Bold!
Affect the Haughty, and the Proud;
The Gay, the Frolic, and the Loud! . . .

THE BUD.

LATELY, on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush;
And did but half itself disclose!
I plucked it, though no better grown;
And now, you see, how full 'tis blown!

Still as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire;
And, spreading so, would flame anon!
All that was meant by air, or sun;
To the young flower, my breath has done!

If our loose breath so much can do;
What may the same inform 's of Love!
Of purest Love, and Music too;
When FLAVIA it aspires to move!
When that, which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades!

TO A LADY, SINGING.

WHILE I listen to thy voice,
CHLORIS! I feel my life decay!
That powerful noise
Calls my fleeting soul away!
O, suppress that magic sound;
Which destroys, without a wound!

Peace, CHLORIS! peace! or, singing, die!
That together you and I
    To Heaven may go!
    For all we know
Of what the Blessèd do above,
Is that they sing; and that they love!

TO THE SAME LADY,

SINGING THE FORMER SONG.

CHLORIS! yourself you so excel,
    When you vouchsafe to breathe my thought
That like a Spirit, with this spell
    Of my own teaching I am caught!

That eagle's fate and mine is one!
    Which, on the shaft that made him die,
Espied a feather of his own,
    Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had ECHO, with so sweet a grace,
    NARCISSUS' loud complaints returned;
Not for reflection of his face,
    But of his voice, the boy had mourned!

ON A GIRDLE.

THAT which her slender waist confined,
Shall now my joyful temples bind!
No Monarch but would give his crown,
His arms might do, what this has done!

It is my heaven's extremest Sphere;
The Pale which held that lovely Dear!
My joy, my grief, my hope, my Love,
Did all within this circle move!

A narrow compass; and yet there
Dwelt all that 's good, and all that 's fair!
Give me but what this ribband bound;
Take all the rest, the sun goes round!

OF ENGLISH VERSE.

POETS may boast (as safely vain)
Their Work shall with the world remain!
Both bound together, live, or die;
The verses and the prophecy!

But who can hope his Lines should long
Last in a daily changing tongue!
While they are new, envy prevails;
And as that dies, our language fails!

When Architects have done their part;
The matter may betray their art!
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built Palace down!

Poets, that lasting marble seek,
Must carve in Latin, or in Greek!
We write in sand! Our language grows;
And (like our tide!) ours overflows!

CHAUCER, his Sense can only boast;
The glory of his Numbers lost!
Years have defaced his matchless strain;
And yet he did not sing in vain!

The Beauties which adorned that Age,
The shining subjects of his rage,
(Hoping they should immortal prove)
Rewarded with success his love!

This was the generous Poet's scope;
And all an English pen can hope!
To make the Fair approve his flame,
That can so far extend their fame!

Verse, thus designed, has no ill fate,
If it arrive but at the date
Of fading Beauty! if it prove
But as long-lived as present Love!

AN APOLOGY

FOR HAVING LOVED BEFORE.

THEY, that never had the use
Of the grape's surprising juice,
To the first delicious cup,
All their reason render up!
Neither do, nor care to, know,
Whether it be best, or no?

So they that are to Love inclined,
Swayed by chance, not choice or art,
To the first that 's fair, or kind,
Make a present of their heart!
'Tis not She that first we love;
But whom, dying, we approve!

To Man, that was i' th' evening made,
Stars gave the first delight;
Admiring, in the gloomy shade,
Those little drops of light.

Then at AURORA, whose fair hand
Removed them from the skies,
He gazing tow'rd the East did stand;
She entertained his eyes.

But when the bright Sun did appear;
All those he 'gan despise!
His wonder was determined there.
He could no higher rise!

He neither might, nor wished to, know
A more refulgent light!
For that (as mine, your beauties now!)
Employed his utmost sight.

TO PHILLIS.

PHILLIS! why should we delay
Pleasures shorter than the day?
Could we (which we never can!)
Stretch our lives beyond their span,
Beauty, like a shadow, flies;
And our Youth, before us dies!
Or, would Youth and Beauty stay,
Love has wings, and will away!
Love has swifter wings than Time!
Change in Love, to heaven does climb!
Gods, that never change their state,
Varied oft their love and hate!
PHILLIS! to this truth we owe
All the love betwixt us two!
Let not you and I inquire,
What has been our past desire!
On what Shepherds you have smiled;
Or what Nymphs I have beguiled!

Leave it to the planets too,
What we shall hereafter do!
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present Love.

OF A FAIR LADY PLAYING WITH A SNAKE.

STRANGE that such horror, and such grace,
Should dwell together in one place;
A Fury's arm! an Angel's face!

'Tis innocence and youth which makes,
In CHLORIS' fancy, such mistakes;
To start at love, and play with snakes!

By this, and by her coldness, barred;
Her Servants have a task too hard!
The tyrant has a double guard!

Thrice happy snake! that in her sleeve
May boldly creep. We dare not give
Our thoughts so unconfined a leave!

Contented, in that nest of snow,
He lies, as he his bliss did know;
And to the wood no more would go!

Take heed, fair EVE! you do not make
Another Tempter of this snake!
A marble one, so warmed, would speak!

CHLORIS, farewell! I now must go!
  For if with thee I here do stay,
Thine eyes prevail upon me so,
  I shall go blind, and lose my way!

Fame of thy beauty and thy youth,
  Amongst the rest, me hither brought!
Finding this fame fall short of truth,
  Made me stay longer than I thought!

For I'm engaged, by word and oath,
  A Servant to another's will:
Yet, for thy love, would forfeit both;
  Could I be sure to keep it still!

But what assurance can I take;
  When thou (foreknowing this abuse),
For some more worthy Lover's sake,
  Mayst leave me, with so just excuse!

For thou mayst say, ''Twas not thy fault,
  That thou didst thus unconstant prove!
Thou wert, by my example, taught
  To break thy oath, to mend thy love!'

No, CHLORIS! No! I will return,
  And raise thy story to that height,
That strangers shall at distance burn;
  And She distrust me, reprobate!

Then shall my love, this doubt displace:
  And gain such trust, that I may come
And banquet sometimes on thy face;
  But make my constant meals at home!

THE LIBERTY AND REQUIEM
OF AN IMPRISONED ROYALIST.

BEAT on, proud billows! BOREAS, blow!
Swell, curlèd waves, high as JOVE's roof!
Your incivility shall know,
That Innocence is tempest-proof!
Though surly NEREUS frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, Afflictions! for your wounds are balm.

That which the World miscalls a Jail,
A Private Closet is to me;
Whilst a Good Conscience is my bail,
And Innocence my liberty.
Locks, bars, walls, loneness, though together met,
Make me no Prisoner; but an Anchorite!

I, whilst I wished to be retired,
Into this Private Room was turned;
As if Their Wisdoms had conspired
The salamander should be burned:
And like those Sophies, who would drown a fish;
I am condemned to suffer what I wish.

The Cynic hugs his poverty;
The pelican, her wilderness:
And 'tis the Indian's pride to lie
Naked on frozen Caucasus.
And like to these, Stoics, we see,
Make torments easy to their apathy!

These manacles upon my arm,
I, as my Sweetheart's favours wear!
And then, to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there!
These walls are but my Garrison! This cell,
Which men call Jail, doth prove my Citadel!

So he that struck at JASON's life,
Thinking h' had his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife,
Did only wound him to a cure!
Malice, I see, wants wit! for what is meant
Mischief, ofttimes proves favour, by th' event!

I'm in this Cabinet locked up,
Like some high-prizèd margarite:
Or like some Great Mogul, or Pope,
Am cloistered up from public sight!
Retiredness is a part of Majesty!
And thus, proud Sultan! I'm as great as thee!

Here, Sin, for want of food, doth starve;
Where tempting objects are not seen:
And these [strong] walls do only serve
To keep Vice out, and keep me in.
Malice, of late, 's grown charitable, sure!
I'm not *committed*; but I am *kept secure*!

When once my Prince affliction hath;
Prosperity doth treason seem!
And then, to smooth so rough a path;
I can learn patience too from him!
Now, not to suffer shews no loyal heart!
When Kings want ease, subjects must love to smart!

What though I cannot see my King,
Either in 's person, or his coin;
Yet Contemplation is a thing
Which renders what I have not, mine!
My King, from me no adamant can part!
Whom I do wear ingraven in my heart.

My soul 's free as th' ambient air!
Although my baser part 's immured;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair,
T' accompany my solitude:
And though Rebellion do my body bind;
My King can only captivate my mind!

Have you not seen the nightingale,
When turned a Pilgrim to a Cage,
How she doth sing her wonted tale
In that, her narrow Hermitage!
Even there, her chanting melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees; her Cage, a grove!

I am that bird, which they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty!
Who, though they do my corpse confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free!
And, though immured; yet can I chirp, and sing,
'Disgrace to rebels! Glory to my King!'

THE CALL.

ROMIRA! stay;
And run not thus, like a young roe, away!
No enemy
Pursues thee, foolish Girl! 'Tis only I!
I'll keep off harms;
If thou'll be pleased to garrison mine arms!
What! dost thou fear
I'll turn a traitor? May these roses here
To paleness shred,
And lilies stand disguisèd in new red;
If that I lay
A snare, wherein thou wouldst not gladly stay!
See, see, the sun
Does slowly to his azure lodging run!
Come, sit but here!
And presently he'll quit our hemisphere.
So still, among
Lovers, time is too short; or else too long!
Here, will we spin
Legends for them, that have Love's Martyrs been!
Here, on this plain,
We'll talk NARCISSUS to a flower again!
Come here, and choose
On which of these proud plats, thou wouldst repose!
Here, mayst thou shame
The rusty violets, with the crimson flame

Of either cheek;
And primroses white as thy fingers seek!
Nay! thou mayst prove
That Man's most noble Passion is to love!

JULIA WEEPING.

FAIREST! when thine eyes did pour
A crystal shower,
I was persuaded that some stone
Had liquid grown!
And thus amazèd, sure, thought I,
When stones are moist, some rain is nigh!

Why weep'st thou? 'Cause thou cannot be
More hard to me!
So lionesses pity; so
Do tigers too!
So doth that bird, which, when she 's fed
On all the man, pines o'er the head!

Yet I'll make better omens, till
Event beguile!
Those pearly drops, in time, shall be
A precious sea!
And thou shalt, like thy coral, prove
Soft under water; hard above!

[illegible] discloses;
[illegible]
Rooms [illegible]
And run not thus [illegible] suppose!
No [illegible] how the crane
Pursues thee, foolish [illegible] again!
I'll [illegible]
If thou'll be plea[illegible] away!
W[illegible]
I'll turn a trait[illegible] of green,
[illegible]
And lilies stand [illegible] seen!
[illegible]
A snare, wherein [illegible] new birth!
[illegible] The vine
Does slowly [illegible] shine:
[illegible] now
And presently [illegible] ough!
[illegible]
Lovers, time [illegible]
[illegible]
Legends for [illegible]
[illegible]
We'll talk [illegible] how
[illegible]
On which of [illegible]
[illegible]
The rusty [illegible] shall see
[illegible] would be free!

I once could boast a soul like you,
As uncontrolled as air
But mine, which love could not subdue,
Was caught within the snare
And, by myself betrayed I, for this guilt
A heart, that many storms without have stood

No longer now, wise Art, inquire
(With this vain search delighted)
How souls, that human breasts inspire
Are to their frames united?
Material chains, such spirits well may bind
When this soft braid can tie both arm and mind

Now, Beauties! I defy your charms,
Ruled by more powerful Art
This mystic wreath, which crowns my arms,
Defends my vanquished heart
And I, subdued by one more fair, shall be
Secured from conquest, by captivity.

No! I will sooner trust the wind,
When, falsely kind,
It courts the pregnant sails into a storm:
(And, when the smiling waves persuade,
Be willingly betrayed!)
Than thy deceitful vows, or form!

Go, and beguile some easy heart
With thy vain art!
Thy smiles and kisses, on those fools bestow,
Who only see the calms that sleep
On this smooth flatt'ring deep;
But not the hidden dangers know.

They that, like me, thy falsehood prove,
Will scorn thy love!
Some may, deceived at first, adore thy shrine:
But he that, as thy sacrifice,
Doth willingly fall twice,
Dies his own martyr; not thine!

WITH a whip of lilies, LOVE
Swiftly me before him drove:
On we coursed it, through deep floods,
Hollow valleys, and rough woods,
Till a snake, that lurking lay,
Chanced to sting me by the way.

Now my soul was nigh to death;
Ebbing, flowing, with my breath:
When, LOVE, fanning with his wings,
Back my fleeting spirit brings.
'Learn,' saith he, 'another day,
LOVE, without constraint t' obey!'

CHANGED; YET CONSTANT.

WRONG me no more!
In thy complaint,
Blamed for inconstancy.
I vowed t' adore
The fairest Saint!
Nor changed, whilst thou wert She:
But if another, thee outshine;
Th' inconstancy is only thine!

To be by such
Blind fools admired,
Gives thee but small esteem;
By whom as much
Thou'dst be desired,
Didst thou less beauteous seem!
Sure, Why they love, they know not well;
Who, Why they should not? cannot tell.

Women are by
Themselves betrayed,
And to their short joys cruel;
Who, foolishly,
Themselves persuade
Flames can outlast their fuel!
None (though Platonic their pretence)
With Reason love, unless by Sense!

And he, by whose
Command, to thee
I did my heart resign;
Now bids me chose
A deity
Diviner far than thine!
No power can Love, from Beauty sever!
I'm still LOVE's subject; thine was never!

The fairest She,
Whom none surpass,
To love hath only right!
And such to me
Thy beauty was,
Till one I found more bright!
But 'twere as impious to adore
Thee now, as not t' have done 't before!

Nor is it just,
By rules of Love,
Thou shouldst deny to quit
A heart, that must
Another's prove!
E'en in thy right to it,
Must not thy subjects, captives be
To her who triumphs over thee!

Cease then, in vain,
To blot my name
With forged apostasy!
Thine is that stain;
Who dar'st to claim
What others ask of thee!
Of Lovers, they are only true;
Who pay their hearts, where they are due!

A DEPOSITION FROM BEAUTY.

THOUGH when I loved thee, thou wert fair;
Thou art no longer so!
Those glories, all the pride they wear,
Unto Opinion owe!
Beauties, like stars, in borrowed lustre shine;
And 'twas my love that gave thee thine!

The flames, that dwelt within thine eye,
Do now, with mine, expire!
Thy brightest graces fade, and die
At once with my desire!
Love's fires thus, mutual influence return:
Thine cease to shine; when mine, to burn!

Then, proud CELINDA, hope no more
To be implored, or wooed!

Since, by thy scorn, thou dost restore
The wealth my love bestowed:
And thy despised disdain too late shall find
That none are fair; but who are kind!

I PRITHEE, let my heart alone;
Since now 'tis raised above thee!
Not all the beauty thou dost own
Again can make me love thee!

He that was shipwrecked once before,
By such a Siren's call;
And yet neglects to shun the shore,
Deserves his second fall!

Each flatt'ring kiss, each tempting smile,
Thou dost in vain bestow,
Some other Lovers might beguile!
Who not thy falsehood know.

But I am proof against all art!
No vows shall e'er persuade me
Twice to present a wounded heart
To her, that hath betrayed me!

Could I again be brought to love
Thy form, though more divine;
I might thy scorn as justly move
As now, thou suffer'st mine!

A QUESTION.

BETWEEN two Suitors, sat a Lady fair.
Upon her head, a garland She did wear;
And of the enamoured two, the first alone
A garland wore like hers; the second, none.
From her own head, She took the wreath She wore;
And on him placed it, that had none before.
And then, mark this! Their brows were both about
Beset with garlands; and She sat without.
Beholding now these rivals on each side
Of her thus placed, and decked with equal pride;
She from the first man's head, the wreath he had
Took off; and therewith her own brow she clad.
And then, note this! She and the second were
With garlands decked; and the first man sat bare.
Now, which did She love best? Of him, to whom
She gave the wreath? or him, she took it from?

THE ANSWER.

IN my conceit, She would him soonest have,
From whom She took: not him, to whom She gave.
For to bestow; many respects may move:
But to receive; none can persuade but Love!
She graced him much, on whom the wreath She placed;
But him whose wreath She wore, She much more graced!
For where She gives, She there a Servant makes;
But makes herself a Servant, where She takes.
Then where She takes; She honours most: and where
She doth most honour; She most love doth bear!

[illegible]

Sweet, [illegible] you to become so kind,
To give me leave to ease my mind
[illegible] my store:
[illegible] I find
Good men and [illegible] of every kind,
I ask no more.

[illegible] I may well digest
[illegible] worst of the least)
[illegible] more
[illegible] my breast)
[illegible] Thousand Pounds at least!
I ask no more!

A well-born and a pleasing Dame,
Full of beauty, virtue, and shame,
Let her have store
Of wealth, discretion, and good fame:
[illegible] to appease my flame
I ask no more!

Yet one thing more I'le not forget,
Were that I do do this feat,
Forget before,
That she a virgin be, and neat:
Of whom, two sons I may beget!
I ask no more!

Let them be Barons! and impart
To each a Million, for his part;
I thee implore!
That, when I long life have led,
I may have Heaven, when I am dead!
I ask no more!

THE SECOND SONG, IN THE MASQUE AT COURT.

A Lover I am; and a Lover I'll be!
And hope from my Love I shall never be free!
Let wisdom be blamed in the grave woman-hater;
Yet never to love is a sin of ill nature!
But he who loves well, and whose Passion is strong,
Shall never be wretched; but ever be young!

With hopes and with fears, like a ship on the ocean,
Our hearts are kept dancing, and ever in motion!
When our Passion is pallid, and our Fancy would fail;
A little kind quarrel supplies a fresh gale!
But when the doubt's cleared, and the jealousy's gone;
How we kiss, and embrace, and can never have done!

UPON FASTING.

The poor man fasts, because he has no meat.
The sick man fasts, because he cannot eat.
The Usurer fasts, to increase his store.
The Glutton fasts, 'cause he can eat no more.
The Hypocrite, because he'd be commended.
The Saints do fast, because they have offended.

GOING BEYOND THE SEAS.

If to be absent, were to be
Away from thee;
Or that, when I am gone,
You, or I, were alone:
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blust'ring wind, or swallowing wave!

But I'll not sigh one blast, or gale,
To swell my sail;
Or pay a tear, to 'suage
The foaming blue God's rage!
For whether he will let me pass,
Or no; I'm still as happy as I was!

Though seas and land betwixt us both;
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls!
Above the highest Sphere, we meet
Unseen, unknown; and greet, as Angels greet!

So then, we do anticipate
Our after-fate:
And are alive i' th' skies;
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak, like spirits unconfined
In heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

GOING TO THE WARS.

TELL me not, Sweet! I am unkind,
  That, from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
  To War and Arms I fly!

True! a new Mistress now I chase!
  The first foe in the Field:
And with a stronger faith embrace
  A sword, a horse, a shield!

Yet this inconstancy is such
  As you, too, shall adore!
I could not love thee, Dear! so much;
  Loved I not Honour more!

THE GRASSHOPPER.

To my noble friend, Master Charles Cotton.

O, thou that swing'st upon the waving hair
  Of some well-fillèd oaten beard;
Drunk, every night, with a delicious tear
  Dropped thee, from heaven; where now th' art reared

The joys of earth and air are thine entire!
  That with thy feet and wings dost hop and fly;
And when thy poppy works, thou dost retire
  To thy carved acorn-bed to lie!

Up with the day, the sun thou welcom'st then!
  Sport'st in the gilt-plaits of his beams;
And, all these merry days, mak'st merry men,
  Thyself, and melancholy streams!

But, ah! the sickle! Golden ears are cropped!
  Ceres and Bacchus bid 'Good night!'
Sharp frosty fingers, all your flowers have topped!
  And what scythes spared, winds shave off quite!

Poor verdant fool! and now green ice! Thy joys
  (Large, and as lasting, as thy perch of grass!)
Bid us lay in, 'gainst Winter's rains; and poise
  Their floods, with an o'erflowing glass!

Thou, best of men and friends! We will create
  A genuine summer in each other's breast!
And, spite of this cold time and frozen fate,
  Thaw us a warm seat to our rest!

Our sacred hearths shall burn eternally
  As Vestal flames! The North Wind, he
Shall strike his frost-stretched wings, dissolve, and fly
  This Etna in epitome!

Dropping December shall come weeping in,
  Bewail th' usurping of his reign;
But when, in showers of old Greek we begin,
  Shall cry, He hath his crown again!

Night, as clear HESPER, shall our tapers whip
  From the light casements where we play;
And the dark Hag, from her black mantle strip;
  And stick there, everlasting Day!

Thus richer than untempted Kings are we;
  That, asking nothing, nothing need!
Though Lord of all what seas embrace; yet he
  That wants himself, is poor indeed!

TO ALTHEA.

From prison.

When Love, with unconfined wings,
  Hovers within my gates;
And, my divine Althea brings,
  To whisper at the grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
  And fettered to her eye:
The birds, that wanton in the air,
  Know no such liberty!

When flowing cups run swiftly round,
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads, with roses bound;
  Our hearts, with loyal flames.
When thirsty grief, in wine we steep;
  When Healths and draughts go free:
Fishes that tipple in the deep,
  Know no such liberty!

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller throat, shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
  And glories of my King;
When I shall voice aloud, how good
  He is; how great, should be:
Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty!

Stone walls do not a Prison make
  Nor iron bars a Cage!
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for a Hermitage!
If I have freedom in my love,
  And in my soul am free:
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty!

TO AMARANTHA.

That she would dishevel her hair.

Amarantha, sweet and fair!
Ah! braid no more that shining hair!
As my curious hand, or eye,
Hovering round thee let it fly!

Let it fly as unconfined
As its calm ravisher, the wind!
Who hath left his darling, th' East;
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Ev'ry tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled, at the best;
Like a clue of golden thread,
Most excellently ravellèd.

Do not then wind up that light
In ribbands; and o'ercloud in night!
Like the sun, in 's early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day! . . .

Ah! me! the little tyrant thief!
As once my heart was playing,
He snatched it up, and flew away;
Laughing at all my praying!

Proud of his purchase, he surveys
And curiously sounds it;
And though he sees it full of wounds,
Cruel, still on he wounds it!

And now this heart is all his sport!
  Which, as a Ball, he boundeth
From hand to breast, from breast to lip;
  And all its rest confoundeth!

Then, as a Top, he sets it up,
  And pitifully whips it!
Sometimes he clothes it gay and fine;
  Then, straight again, he strips it!

He covered it with False Belief,
  Which gloriously showed it;
And for a morning cushionet,
  On 's mother he bestowed it.

Each day, with her small brazen stings,
  A thousand times she rased it!
And then, at night, bright with her gems,
  Once, near her heart she placed it!

There, warm, it gan to throb and bleed!
  She knew that smart, and grievèd;
At length, this poor condemnèd heart,
  With these rich drugs reprievèd:

She washed the wound with a fresh tear,
  Which my LUCASTA droppèd;
And in the sleeve-silk of her hair,
  'Twas hard bound up and wrappèd.

She probed it with her constancy,
  And found no rancour nigh it;
Only the anger of her eye
  Had wrought some proud flesh by it.

Then pressed she nard in every vein;
  Which from her kisses trillèd:
And with the balm, healed all its pain,
  That from her hand distillèd.

But yet this heart avoids me still,
  Will not by me be ownèd:
But 's fled to its Physician's breast;
  There proudly sits inthronèd!'

THE DUEL.

Love, drunk the other day, knocked at my breast
  But I, alas, was not within!
My man, my Ear, told me, he came t' attest
  That, without cause, h' had boxèd him,
And battered the windows of mine eyes;
And took my heart, for one of 's nunneries!

I wondered at the outrage, safe returned;
And stormèd at the base affront:
And, by a friend of mine, Bold Faith, that burned,
I called him to a strict account.
He said, 'That, by the Law, the Challenged might
Take the advantage both of Arms, and Fight.'

Two darts of equal length and points he sent;
And nobly gave the choice to me:
Which I not weighed; young and indifferent,
Now full of nought but victory!
So we both met, in one of 's mother's groves:
The time—at the first murm'ring of her doves.

I stripped myself naked all o'er, as he;
For so I was best armed, when bare.
His first pass did my liver rase: yet I
Made home a falsify too near;
For when my arm to its true distance came,
I nothing touched, but a fantastic flame!

This, this, is Love, we daily quarrel so!
An idle Don Quichoterie!
We whip ourselves, with our own twisted woe;
And wound the air for a fly!
The only way t' undo this enemy,
Is to laugh at the Boy; and he will cry!

GRATIANA DANCING, AND SINGING.

SEE, with what constant motion,
Even, and glorious, as the sun,
GRATIANA steers that noble frame!
Soft as her breast, sweet as her voice,
That gave each winding, law and poise;
And swifter than the wings of Fame.

She beat the happy pavement;
By such a star, made firmament!
Which now no more the roof envies;
But swells up high, with ATLAS even!
Bearing the brighter, nobler, heaven;
And in her, all the deities.

Each step trod out a Lover's thought;
And the ambitious hopes he brought.
Chained to her brave feet, with such arts,
Such sweet command and gentle awe;
As, when she ceased, we sighing saw
The floor lay paved with broken hearts.

So did she move! So did she sing!
Like the harmonious Spheres, that bring
Unto their rounds, their music's aid:
Which she performèd such a way,
As all th' enamoured World will say,
'The Graces danced! and APOLLO played!'

DIVINE Destroyer! pity me no more;
Or else more pity me!
Give me more love! Ah! quickly give me more;
Or else more cruelty!
For, left thus as I am,
My heart is ice and flame!
And, languishing thus, I
Can neither live, nor die!

Your glories are eclipsed; and hidden in the grave
Of this indiff'rency!
And, CÆLIA! you can neither altars have;
Nor I, a deity!
They are aspects divine
That still, or smile, or shine;
Or, like th' offended sky,
Frown death immediately.

THE SCRUTINY.

WHY should you swear, I am forsworn;
Since thine I vowed to be?
Lady! it is already morn!
And 'twas last night, I swore to thee
That fond impossibility!

Have I not loved thee much and long?
A tedious twelve hours' space!
I must all other Beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace;
Could I still dote upon thy face!

Not but, all joy in thy brown hair,
By others may be found!
But I must search the black, and fair;
Like skilful mineralists, that sound
For treasure in un-plowed-up ground.

Then if, when I have loved my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant She;
With spoils of meaner Beauties crowned,
I laden will return to thee!
Even sated with variety.

TELL me no more, how fair She is!
I have no mind to hear
The story of that distant bliss,
I never shall come near.
By sad experience, I have found
That her perfection is my wound.

And tell me not, how fond I am,
To tempt a daring fate!
From whence no triumph ever came,
But to repent too late!
There is some hope, ere long, I may,
In silence, dote myself away!

I ask no pity, LOVE, from thee;
Nor will thy justice blame!
So that thou wilt not envy me
The glory of my flame!
Which crowns my heart, whene'er it dies;
In that it falls her sacrifice!

A CONTEMPLATION UPON FLOWERS.

BRAVE flowers! that I could gallant it like you;
And be as little vain!
You come abroad, and make a harmless show;
And to your beds of earth again!
You are not proud! You know your birth;
For your embroidered garments are from earth!

You do obey your months and times; but I
Would have it ever Spring!
My fate would know no Winter, never die;
Nor think of such a thing!
O, that I could my bed of earth but view;
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you!

O, teach me to see Death, and not to fear;
But rather to take truce!
How often have I seen you at a bier;
And there look fresh and spruce!
You, fragrant flowers! then teach me! that my breath,
Like yours, may sweeten and perfume my death!

A ROSE.

BLOWN in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon!
What boots a life which, in such haste, forsakes thee?
Th' art wondrous frolic! being to die so soon;
And, passing proud, a little colour makes thee!
If thee, thy brittle beauty so deceives;
Know, then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane!
For the same beauty doth, in bloody leaves,
The sentence of thy early death contain!
Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn!
And many HERODS lie in wait, each hour,
To murder thee, as soon as thou art born;
Nay, force thy bud to blow! Their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death.

IN PRAISE OF WOMEN.

When Heaven's great Jove had made the world's round frame,
Earth, Water, Air, and Fire; above the same,
The ruling Orbs, the Planets, Spheres; and all
The lesser creatures in the Earth's vast ball:
But as a curious alchemist still draws
From grosser metals, finer; and from those,
Extracts another; and from that again,
Another that doth far excel the same:
So framed he Man! of Elements combined,
To excel that substance where he was refined.

But that poor creature, drawn from his breast,
Excelleth him! as he excelled the rest.
Or as a stubborn stalk, whereon there grows
A dainty lily, or a fragrant rose;
The stalk may boast, and set its virtues forth:
But take away the flower, where is its worth!

But yet, fair Ladies, you must know,
Howbeit I do adore you so,
Reciprocal your flames must prove;
Or my ambition scorns to love!
A noble soul doth still abhor
To strike, but where it 's conqueror!

UNHAPPY is the man,
  In whose breast is confined
The sorrows and distresses all
  Of an afflicted mind!

The extremity is great!
  He dies, if he conceal:
The World 's so void of secret friends,
  Betrayed, if he reveal!

Then break, afflicted hearts;
  And live not in these days!
When all prove Merchants of their faith;
  None trusts what other says!

For when the Sun doth shine,
  Then Shadows do appear!
But when the Sun doth hide his face;
  They with the Sun retire!

Some friends, as Shadows are;
  And Fortune as the Sun:
They never proffer any help
  Till Fortune first begin!

But if, in any case,
  Fortune shall first decay,
Then they, as Shadows of the Sun,
  With Fortune run away!

Or in the empire of thy heart,
  Where I should solely be,
Another do pretend a part,
  And dares to vie with me;
Or if Committees thou erect,
  And go on such a score:
I'll sing, and laugh at thy neglect;
  And never love thee more!

But if thou wilt be constant then,
  And faithful of thy word;
I'll make thee glorious by my pen,
  And famous by my sword!
I'll serve thee, in such noble ways
  Were never heard before!
I'll crown and deck thee all with bays;
  And love thee evermore!

THE FAREWELL.

FAIR FIDELIA, leave me now!
I may no more
Thy deity adore;
Nor offer to thy shrine!
I serve one more divine;
And greater far than you!
Hark! the trumpets call away!
I must go,
Lest the foe
Lose the King; and win the day!
Let 's march bravely on!
Charge them in the Van!
Our Cause GOD's is!
Though the odds is
Ten times ten to one!

Tempt me no more! I may not yield;
Although thy eyes,
A Kingdom might surprise!
Leave off thy wanton tales!
The high-born Prince of WALES
Is mounted in the Field;

Where the loyal Gentry flock,
Though forlorn,
Nobly born
Of a ne'er-decaying stock.
Cornish boys, be bold!
Never lose your hold!
He that loiters,
Is by traitors
Basely bought and sold!

One kiss more; and then, farewell!
Nay! now, give o'er!
I prithee, fool! no more!
Why cloud'st thou so thy beams?
I see, by these extremes,
A woman 's heaven, or hell!
Pray, the King may have his own!
That the Queen
May be seen
With her babes, on England's throne!
Rally up your men!
One shall vanquish ten!
Victory! we
Come to try thy
Favour once again!

HIS REQUEST TO JULIA.

JULIA, if I chance to die
Ere I print my Poetry;
I most humbly thee desire
To commit it to the fire!
Better 'twere my Book were dead;
Than to live not perfected!

THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK.

I SING of Brooks, of Blossoms, Birds, and Bowers;
Of April, May, of June, and July flowers!
I sing of Maypoles, Hock-carts, Wassails, Wakes;
Of Bridegrooms, Brides, and of their Bridal Cakes!
I write of Youth, of Love! and have access
By these, to sing of cleanly wantonness.
I sing of dews, of rains, and, piece by piece,
Of balm, of oil, of spice, and ambergris!
I sing of times' trans-shifting; and I write
How roses first came red, and lilies white!
I write of groves, of twilights; and I sing
The Court of MAB, and of the Fairy King!
I write of Hell! I sing, and ever shall!
Of Heaven; and hope to have it, after all!

WHEN HE WOULD HAVE HIS VERSES READ.

In sober mornings, do not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse!
But when that men have both well drunk and fed;
Let my Enchantments then be sung, or read!
When laurel spirts i' th' fire; and when the hearth
Smiles to itself, and gilds the roof with mirth!
When up the Thyrse [1] is raised; and when the sound
Of sacred Orgies [2] flies around! around!
When the rose reigns, and locks with ointments shine;
Let rigid Cato read these lines of mine!

THE SUCCESSION OF THE FOUR SWEET MONTHS.

First, April; she, with mellow showers,
Opens the way for early flowers.
Then, after her, comes smiling May,
In a more rich and sweet array.
Next enters June; and brings us more
Gems than those two that went before.
Then, lastly, July comes; and she
More wealth brings in, than all these three.

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[1] A javelin twined with ivy.

[2] Songs to Bacchus.

HIS GRANGE, OR PRIVATE WEALTH.

THOUGH Clock,
To tell how night draws hence, I've none:
A Cock
I have, to sing how day draws on.

I have
A Maid, my PRUE, by good luck sent,
To save
That little, Fates me gave, or lent.

A Hen
I keep, which creaking, day by day,
Tells when
She goes, her long white egg to lay.

A Goose
I have, which, with a jealous ear,
Lets loose
Her tongue, to tell what danger 's near.

A Lamb
I keep, tame, with my morsels fed:
Whose dam,
An orphan left him; lately dead.

A Cat
I keep, that plays about my house;
Grown fat
With eating many a miching mouse.

To these,
A Trasy I do keep; whereby
I please
The more, my rural privacy:

Which are
But toys; to give my heart some ease.
Where care
None is; slight things do lightly please!

HIS ALMS.

HERE, here, I live!
And somewhat give
Of what I have,
To those who crave.
Little, or much,
My alms is such:
But if my deal
Of oil and meal
Shall fuller grow;
More I'll bestow!
Meantime be it
E'en but a bit,
Or else a crumb;
The scrip hath some!

UPON THE LOSS OF HIS MISTRESSES.

I HAVE lost, and lately, these
Many dainty Mistresses.
Stately JULIA, prime of all;
SAPPHO next, a principal;
Smooth ANTHEA, for a skin
White and heaven-like crystalline;
Sweet ELECTRA; and the choice
MYRRHA, for the lute and voice;
Next, CORINNA, for her wit,
And the graceful use of it;
With PERILLA. All are gone!
Only HERRICK 's left alone,
For to number sorrow by
Their departures hence; and die!

THE BAG OF A BEE.

ABOUT the sweet bag of a bee,
Two CUPIDS fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vowed to ask the Gods!

Which VENUS hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness, stripped them;
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipped them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown sh' 'ad seen them,
She kissed, and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

TO THE VIRGINS,
TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME.

GATHER ye rosebuds, while ye may;
Old Time is still a flying!
And this same flower that smiles to-day;
To-morrow will be dying!

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he 's a getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he 's to setting!

That age is best, which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent; the worse, and worst,
Times still succeed the former!

Then be not coy; but use your time!
And while ye may, go marry!
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry!

TO BLOSSOMS.

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree!
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here a while,
To blush and gently smile;
And go at last!

What! were ye born to be
An hour, or half's, delight;
And so to bid 'Good night!'
'Twas pity, Nature brought ye forth,
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite!

But you are lovely leaves! where we
May read how soon things have
Their end; though ne'er so brave!
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, a while; they glide
Into the grave!

DIVINATION BY A DAFFADIL.

WHEN a Daffadil I see,
Hanging down his head t'wards me;
Guess I may, what I must be!
First, I shall decline my head!
Secondly, I shall be dead!
Lastly, safely burièd!

TO LIVE MERRILY; AND TO TRUST TO GOOD VERSES.

Now is the time for mirth!
  Nor cheek, or tongue, be dumb!
For with flow'ry earth,
  The Golden Pomp is come!

The Golden Pomp is come!
  For now each tree does wear,
Made of her pap and gum,
  Rich beads of amber here!

Now reigns the rose! and now
  Th' Arabian dew besmears
My uncontrollèd brow
  And my retortèd hairs!

HOMER! this Health to thee!
  In Sack of such a kind,
That it would make thee see;
  Though thou wert ne'er so blind!

Next, VIRGIL I'll call forth!
  To pledge this second Health
In wine! whose each cup 's worth
  An Indian common wealth!

A goblet next I'll drink
  To OVID! and suppose
Made he the pledge, he'd think
  The World had all *one nose.*

Then, this immensive cup
  Of aromatic wine,
CATULLUS! I quaff up
  To that terse Muse of thine!

Wild I am now, with heat!
  O, BACCHUS! cool thy rays;
Or, frantic, I shall eat
  Thy Thyrse, and bite the bays!

Round, round, the roof does run!
  And, being ravished thus,
Come, I will drink a tun
  To my PROPERTIUS!

Now, to TIBULLUS next;
  This flood I drink to thee!
But stay! I see a text
  That this presents to me.

Behold, TIBULLUS lies
  Here burnt! whose small return
Of ashes scarce suffice
  To fill a little urn.

Trust to Good Verses then!
They only will aspire,
When pyramids, as men,
Are lost i' th' funeral fire!

And when all bodies meet
In Lethe, to be drowned;
Then only Numbers sweet,
With endless life are crowned!

DELIGHT IN DISORDER.

A SWEET disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness;
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly;
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility;
Do more bewitch me, than when Art
Is too precise in every part.

TO MUSIC,

TO BECALM HIS FEVER.

CHARM me asleep! and melt me so
With thy delicious Numbers;
That, being ravished, hence I go
Away in easy slumbers!
Ease my sick head,
And make my bed,
Thou, Power that canst sever
From me this ill!
And quickly still,
Though thou not kill,
My fever!

Thou sweetly canst convert the same
From a consuming fire,
Into a gentle-licking flame,
And make it thus expire!
Then make me weep
My pains asleep,
And give me such reposes,
That I, poor I!
May think, thereby,
I live and die
'Mongst roses!

Fall on me, like a silent dew;
  Or like those maiden showers,
Which, by the peep of day, do strew
  A baptism o'er the flowers!
    Melt, melt my pains
    With thy soft strains!
  That, having ease me given,
    With full delight,
    I leave this light,
    And take my flight
      For Heaven!

KISSING USURY.

BIANCHA! let
  Me pay the debt
I owe thee, for a kiss,
  Thou lend'st to me;
  And I to thee
Will render ten for this!

  If thou wilt say,
  'Ten will not pay
For that so rich a one!'
  I'll clear the sum!
  If it will come
Unto a million.

By this I guess,
Of happiness,
Who has a little measure;
He must, of right,
To th' utmost mite,
Make payment for his pleasure!

THE CHEAT OF CUPID;

OR, THE UNGENTLE GUEST.

One silent night, of late,
When every creature rested,
Came one unto my gate,
And, knocking, me molested.

'Who 's that,' said I, 'beats there;
And troubles thus the sleepy?'
'Cast off,' said he, 'all fear!
And let not locks thus keep ye!

'For I a Boy am, who
By moonless nights have swervèd;
And all with showers wet through,
And e'en with cold half starvèd.'

I pitiful arose,
And soon a taper lighted,
And did myself disclose
Unto the lad benighted.

I saw he had a bow;
  And wings too, which did shiver;
And looking down below,
  I spied he had a quiver.

I to my chimney's shine
  Brought him, as love professes;
And chafed his hands with mine,
  And dried his dropping tresses.

But when he felt him warmed,
  'Let 's try this bow of ours,
And string, if they be harmed,'
  Said he, 'with these late showers!'

Forthwith his bow he bent,
  And wedded string and arrow;
And struck me, that it went
  Quite through my heart and marrow.

Then, laughing loud, he flew
  Away; and thus said, flying,
'Adieu, mine host! adieu!
  I'll leave thy heart a dying!'

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

ROSES, at first, were white,
  Till they could not agree,
Whether my SAPPHO's breast,
  Or they, more white should be.

But being vanquished quite,
  A blush their cheeks bespread!
Since which (believe the rest!)
  The Roses first came red.

[See also page 128.]

TO THE LARK.

GOOD speed! For I, this day,
Betimes my Matins say;
  Because I do
  Begin to woo.
  Sweet singing Lark,
  Be thou the Clerk!
  And know thy when
  To say, 'Amen!'
  And if I prove
  Blest in my love;
  Then thou shalt be
  High Priest to me!
  At my return,
  To incense burn;
And so to solemnize
Love's, and my, sacrifice.

TO THE WESTERN WIND.

SWEET Western Wind! whose luck it is
(Made rival with the air!)
To give PERENNA's lip a kiss,
And fan her wanton hair;

Bring me but one! I'll promise thee,
Instead of common showers,
Thy wings shall be embalmed by me;
And all beset with flowers!

A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS.

YOU are a Tulip, seen to-day;
But, Dearest! of so short a stay,
That where you grew, scarce man can say!

You are a lovely July flower:
Yet one rude wind, or ruffling shower,
Will force you hence; and in an hour!

You are a sparkling Rose i' th' bud;
Yet lost, ere that chaste flesh and blood
Can show where you, or grew, or stood!

You are a full-spread fair-set Vine,
And can with tendrils love intwine;
Yet dried, ere you distil your wine!

You are like Balm inclosèd well
In amber, or some crystal shell;
Yet lost, ere you transfuse your smell!

You are a dainty Violet;
Yet withered, ere you can be set
Within the Virgin's coronet!

You are the Queen, all flowers among;
But die, you must, fair Maid, ere long!
As he, the Maker of this Song.

TO PRIMROSES

FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

WHY do ye weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you!
Who were but born
Just as the modest Morn
Teemed her refreshing dew!
Alas, you have not known that shower
That mars a flower!
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind!
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warped, as we!
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers (like to orphans young)
To speak by tears, before ye have a tongue!

Speak, whimp'ring Younglings! and make known
The reason, why
Ye droop and weep!
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby?
Or that ye have not seen, as yet,
The Violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that Sweetheart, to this?
No! no! this sorrow shown

By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read.
That things of greatest, so of meanest, worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.

FOUR THINGS MAKE US HAPPY HERE.

HEALTH is the first good lent to men;
A gentle disposition then;
Next, to be rich by no by-ways;
Lastly, with friends, t' enjoy our days.

TO BE MERRY.

LET 's now take our time,
While w' are in our prime;
And old, old age is afar off!
For the evil, evil days
Will come on apace;
Before we can be aware of!

HIS WISH TO PRIVACY.

GIVE me a cell
To dwell,
Where no foot hath
A path!
There, will I spend,
And end,
My wearied years
In tears!

THE HAG.

The Hag is astride,
This night for to ride,
The Devil and she together;
Through thick and through thin,
Now out and then in,
Though ne'er so foul be the weather.

A thorn, or a burr,
She takes for a spur;
With a lash of a bramble she rides now!
Through brakes and through briars,
O'er ditches and mires,
She follows the Spirit that guides now.

No beast, for his food,
Dares now range the wood;
But hushed in his lair he lies lurking:
While mischiefs, by these,
On land and on seas,
At noon of night, are a working.

The storm will arise
And trouble the skies,
This night! and, more for the wonder,
The ghost, from the tomb,
Affrighted shall come;
Called out by the clap of the thunder.

TO MEADOWS.

YE have been fresh and green!
  Ye have been filled with flowers!
And ye, the walks have been,
  Where Maids have spent their hours!

Ye have beheld, how they,
  With wicker arks did come,
To kiss, and bear away
  The richer cowslips home!

Y' ave heard them sweetly sing;
  And seen them in a Round!
Each Virgin, like a Spring,
  With honeysuckles crowned.

But now, we see none here!
  Whose silv'ry feet did tread;
And, with dishevelled hair,
  Adorned this smoother mead.

Like Unthrifts, (having spent
  Your stock; and needy grown)
Y' are left here to lament
  Your poor estates alone!

TO ANTHEA;

WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING.

BID me to live! and I will live
  Thy Protestant to be;
Or bid me love! and I will give
  A loving heart to thee!

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
  A heart as sound and free,
As in the whole world thou canst find;
  That heart I'll give to thee!

Bid that heart stay! and it will stay,
  To honour thy decree;
Or bid it languish quite away!
  And 't shall do so for thee!

Bid me to weep! and I will weep,
  While I have eyes to see!
And having none; yet I will keep
  A heart to weep for thee!

Bid me despair! and I'll despair,
  Under that cypress tree!
Or bid me die! and I will dare
  E'en death, to die for thee!

Thou art my life! my Love! my heart!
  The very eyes of me!
And hast command of every part,
  To live and die for thee!

THE PRIMROSE.

Ask me, Why I send you here
This sweet Infanta of the year?
Ask me, Why I send to you
This Primrose, thus bepearled with dew?
I will whisper to your ears,
'The sweets of Love are mixed with tears!'

Ask me, Why this flower does show
So yellow-green, and sickly too?
Ask me, Why the stalk is weak
And bending; yet it doth not break?
I will answer, 'These discover
What fainting hopes are in a Lover!'

HOW ROSES CAME RED.

'Tis said, as Cupid danced among
  The Gods, he down the nectar flung;
Which on the White Rose being shed,
  Made it, for ever after, red.

[See also page 120.]

A HYMN TO VENUS AND CUPID.

SEA-BORN Goddess! let me be
By thy son thus graced, and thee!
That, whene'er I woo, I find
Virgins coy; but not unkind!
Let me, when I kiss a Maid,
Taste her lips so overlaid
With Love's syrup, that I may,
In your Temple, when I pray,
Kiss the altar; and confess,
'There 's in Love no bitterness!'

THE CURSE.

Go, perjured man! and if thou e'er return
To see the small remainders in mine urn;
When thou shalt laugh at my religious dust,
And ask, 'Where 's now the colour, form, and trust,
Of Woman's beauty?' and, with hand more rude,
Rifle the flowers which the Virgins strewed:
Know, I have prayed to Fury, that some wind
May blow my ashes up; and strike thee blind!

UPON BEN JONSON.

HERE lies JONSON with the rest
Of the Poets; but the best!
Reader! wouldst thou more have known?
Ask his story; not this stone!
That will speak, what this can't tell,
Of his glory! So, farewell!

TO ELECTRA.

I DARE not ask a kiss!
I dare not beg a smile!
Lest, having that, or this,
I might grow proud the while.

No! no! The utmost share
Of my desire shall be,
Only to kiss that air
That lately kissèd thee!

TO THE ROSE.

Go, happy Rose! and, interwove
With other flowers, bind my Love!
Tell her too, She must not be
Longer flowing! longer free!
That so oft, has fettered me!

Say, (if She 's fretful!) I have bands
Of pearl and gold, to bind her hands!
Tell her, (if She struggle still!)
I have myrtle rods, at will,
For to tame; though not to kill!

Take thou my blessing thus; and go;
And tell her this. But do not so!
Lest a handsome anger fly,
Like a lightning, from her eye;
And burn thee up, as well as I!

HOW LILIES CAME WHITE.

WHITE though ye be; yet, Lilies, know,
From the first, ye were not so!
But I'll tell ye,
What befell ye!
CUPID and his mother lay
In a cloud. While both did play,
He, with his pretty finger, prest
The ruby niplet of her breast:
Out of the which, the cream of light,
Like to a dew,
Fell down on you;
And made ye white!

THE MAD MAID'S SONG.

'Good morrow to the day so fair!
  Good morning, Sir, to you!
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
  Bedabbled with the dew!

'Good morning to this primrose too!
  Good morrow to each Maid,
That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,
  Wherein my Love is laid!

'Ah! woe, woe, woe, woe, woe is me!
  Alack, and well-a-day!
For pity, Sir, find out that bee;
  Which bore my Love away.

'I'll seek him in your bonnet brave!
  I'll seek him in your eyes!
Nay, now I think, th' 'ave made his grave
  I' th' bed of strawberries!

'I'll seek him there! I know, ere this,
  The cold, cold earth doth shake him!
But I will go! or send a kiss
  By you, Sir, to awake him!

'Pray, hurt him not! Though he be dead,
He knows well who do love him;
And who with green turfs rear his head,
And who do rudely move him!

'He 's soft and tender. (Pray, take heed!)
With bands of cowslips bind him;
And bring him home! But 'tis decreed,
That I shall never find him!'

UPON MASTER FLETCHER'S INCOMPARABLE PLAYS.

APOLLO sings! his harp resounds! Give room;
For now, behold, the Golden Pomp is come!
The Pomp of Plays; which thousands come to see,
With admiration both of them and thee.
O, Volume! worthy, leaf by leaf and cover,
To be with juice of cedar washed all over!
Here, words, with lines; and lines, with Scenes consent;
To raise an Act to full astonishment.
Here, melting Numbers! words of power to move
Young men to swoon; and Maids to die for love!
Love lies a bleeding here! EVADNE there
Swells with brave rage; yet comely every where!
Here 's a *Mad Lover*! There, that high design
Of *King and No King*; and the rare plot thine!
So that, whene'er we circumvolve our eyes,
Such rich, such fresh, such sweet, varieties
Ravish our spirits; that, entranced, we see
None writes Love's Passion in the World like thee!

A TERNARY OF LITTLES,

UPON A PIPKIN OF JELLY SENT TO A LADY.

A LITTLE saint best fits a little shrine,
A little prop best fits a little vine;
As my small cruse best fits my little wine.

A little seed best fits a little soil,
A little trade best fits a little toil;
As my small jar best fits my little oil.

A little bin best fits a little bread,
A little garland fits a little head;
As my small stuff best fits my little shed.

A little hearth best fits a little fire,
A little Chapel fits a little Quire;
As my small bell best fits my little spire.

A little stream best fits a little boat,
A little lead best fits a little float;
As my small pipe best fits my little note.

A little meat best fits a little belly,
As sweetly, Lady, give me leave to tell ye!
This little Pipkin fits this little Jelly.

CEREMONIES FOR CANDLEMAS EVE.

Down with the Rosemary and Bays!
Down with the Mistletoe!
Instead of Holly; now upraise
The greener Box, for show!

The Holly hitherto did sway;
Let Box now domineer,
Until the dancing Easter Day,
Or Easter's Eve, appear!

Then youthful Box, which now hath grace
Your houses to renew,
Grown old, surrender must his place
Unto the crispèd Yew.

When Yew is out; then Birch comes in!
And many flowers beside,
Both of a fresh and fragrant kin,
To honour Whitsuntide.

Green Rushes then, and sweetest Bents,
With cooler Oaken boughs,
Come in, for comely ornaments
To re-adorn the house.

Thus times do shift! Each thing his turn does hold;
New things succeed, as former things grow old!

MISTRESS ELIZABETH WHEELER, UNDER THE NAME OF THE LOST SHEPHERDESS.

AMONG the myrtles, as I walked,
LOVE and my sighs thus intertalked.
'Tell me,' said I, in deep distress,
'Where I may find my Shepherdess?'
'Thou fool!' said LOVE, 'know'st thou not this?
In every thing that 's sweet, she is!
In yond Carnation, go and seek!
There, thou shalt find her lip and cheek!
In that enamelled Pansy by;
There, thou shalt have her curious eye!
In bloom of Peach, and Rose's bud;
There, waves the streamer of her blood!'
''Tis true!' said I; and thereupon
I went to pluck them, one by one,
To make of parts a union:
But, on a sudden, all were gone!
At which I stopped. Said LOVE, 'These be
The true resemblances of thee!
For, as these flowers, thy joys must die;
And in the turning of an eye!
And all thy hopes of her must wither,
Like those short sweets, ere knit together!'

COMFORT TO A YOUTH, THAT HAD LOST HIS LOVE.

WHAT needs complaints?
When She a place
Has with the race
Of Saints!

In endless mirth;
She thinks not on
What 's said, or done,
In earth!

She sees no tears!
Or any tone
Of thy deep groan
She hears!

Nor does She mind,
Or think on 't now,
That ever thou
Wast kind!

But changed above;
She likes not there,
As She did here,
Thy love!

Forbear therefore!
And lull asleep
Thy woes! and weep
No more!

TO DAFFADILS.

FAIR daffadils! we weep to see
You haste away so soon!
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon!
Stay! stay
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the Even Song!
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay, as you!
We have as short a Spring!
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing!
We die,
As your hours do! and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer's rain!
Or as the pearls of Morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again!

TO PHILLIS.

TO LOVE, AND LIVE WITH, HIM.

LIVE, live with me! and thou shalt see
The pleasures I'll prepare for thee!
What sweets the Country can afford
Shall bless thy bed, and bless thy board!
The soft sweet moss shall be thy bed,
With crawling woodbine overspread;
By which the silver-shedding streams
Shall gently melt thee into dreams!
Thy clothing, next, shall be a gown
Made of the fleeces' purest down;
The tongues of kids shall be thy meat;
Their milk, thy drink; and thou shalt eat
The paste of filberts for thy bread,
With cream of cowslips butterèd.
Thy feasting-tables shall be hills,
With daisies spread and daffadils;
Where thou shalt sit; and Red-breast, by,
For meat, shall give thee melody!
I'll give thee chains and carcanets
Of primroses and violets!
A bag and bottle thou shalt have;
That richly wrought, and this as brave,
So that as either shall express
The wearer 's no mean Shepherdess!
At Shearing-times, and yearly Wakes,
When THEMILIS his pastime makes;

There, thou shalt be! and be the wit,
Nay, more, the feast, and grace of it!
  On holidays, when Virgins meet
To dance the Heys with nimble feet,
Thou shalt come forth! and then appear
The Queen of Roses for that year!
And having danced 'bove all the best,
Carry the Garland from the rest!
  In wicker baskets, Maids shall bring
To thee, my dearest Shepherdling!
The blushing apple, bashful pear,
And shame-faced plum; all simp'ring there.
  Walk in the groves; and thou shalt find
The name of PHILLIS in the rind
Of every straight and smooth-skin tree:
Where kissing that, I'll twice kiss thee!
  To thee a sheep-hook I will send,
Bepranked with ribbands! to this end,
This, this, alluring hook might be
Less for to catch a sheep, than me!
  Thou shalt have possets, wassails fine;
Not made of ale, but spicèd wine!
To make thy maids and self free mirth;
All sitting near the glitt'ring hearth.
  Thou shalt have ribbands, roses, rings,
Gloves, garters, stockings, shoes, and strings,
Of winning colours; that shall move
Others to lust, but me to love.
  These (nay, and more!) thine own shall be!
If thou wilt love, and live with, me.

THE NIGHT PIECE.

TO JULIA.

HER eyes, the glowworm lend thee!
The shooting stars attend thee!
And the Elves also,
Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee!
Nor snake, or slow-worm, bite thee!
But on, on, thy way!
Not making a stay;
Since ghost there 's none t' affright thee!

Let not the dark thee cumber!
What though the moon does slumber;
The stars of the night
Will lend thee their light!
Like tapers clear, without number.

Then, JULIA! let me woo thee
Thus, thus, to come unto me!
And when I shall meet
Thy silv'ry feet;
My soul I'll pour into thee!

TO HIS MISTRESS.

CHOOSE me your Valentine!
  Next, let us marry!
LOVE to the death will pine,
  If we long tarry!

Promise, and keep your vows!
  Or vow ye never!
LOVE's doctrine disallows
  Troth-breakers ever!

You have broke promise twice,
  Dear! to undo me!
If you prove faithless thrice;
  None then will woo ye!

TO VIOLETS.

WELCOME, Maids of Honour!
    You do bring
    In the Spring;
And wait upon her!

She has Virgins many,
    Fresh and fair;
    Yet you are
More sweet than any!

Y' are the maiden posies!
And so graced,
To be placed
'Fore damask roses!

Yet, though thus respected,
By-and-by,
Ye do lie,
Poor Girls, neglected!

TO VIRGINS.

HEAR, ye Virgins! and I'll teach
What the times of old did preach.
ROSAMOND was in a bower
Kept, as DANAË in a Tower:
But yet LOVE, who subtle is,
Crept to that; and came to this.
Be ye locked up like to these,
Or the rich Hesperides;
Or those babies in your eyes
In their crystal nunneries;
Notwithstanding, LOVE will win,
Or else force, a passage in!
And, as coy be as you can,
Gifts will get ye! or the man!

TO A GENTLEWOMAN,

OBJECTING TO HIM, HIS GRAY HAIRS.

AM I despised? because you say,
And I dare swear, That I am gray!
Know, Lady! you have but your day!
And time will come, when you shall wear
Such frost and snow upon your hair!
And when, though long it comes to pass,
You question with your looking-glass,
And in that sincere crystal seek,
But find no rosebud in your cheek;
Nor any bed to give the shew
Where such a rare carnation grew:
Ah! then, too late (close in your chamber keeping),
It will be told,
That you are old,
By those true tears y' are weeping!

A DIALOGUE ON A KISS.

QUESTION. Among thy fancies, tell me this!
What is the thing we call a Kiss?

RESOLUTION. *I shall resolve you, what it is!*
It is a creature born and bred
Betwixt the lips all cherry-red;
By love and warm desires fed.

CHORUS. BOTH TOGETHER. } And makes more sweet the Bridal bed.

It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the Eyes;
And charms it there, with lullabies.

HORUS. And stills the Bride too, when she cries.

Then to the Chin, the Cheek, the Ear,
It frisks! it flies! now here! now there!
'Tis now far off; and now 'tis near!

HORUS. 'Tis here, and there, and everywhere!

Has it a voicing virtue?
How speaks it then?

Yes! Do you but this;
Part your joined lips, then speak the kiss!

CHORUS. And this Love's sweetest language is!

Has it a body?

I! [Aye!], *and wings*
With thousand various colourings!
And, as it flies, it sweetly sings,
'Love honey yields; but never, stings!'

CHORUS. And, as it flies, it sweetly sings,
'Love honey yields; but never, stings!'

TO THE WATER NYMPHS, DRINKING AT THE FOUNTAIN.

REACH, with your whiter hands, to me
Some crystal of the spring!
And I, about the cup shall see,
Fresh lilies flourishing!

Or else, sweet Nymphs! do you but this!
To the Glass your lips incline;
And I shall see, by that one kiss,
The water turned to wine!

UPON JULIA'S HAIR FILLED WITH DEW.

DEW sat on JULIA's hair;
And spangled too,
Like leaves that laden are
With trembling dew:
Or glittered to my sight;
As when the beams
Have their reflected light
Danced by the streams.

THE ROSARY.

ONE asked me, Where the roses grew?
I bade him, not go seek!
But forthwith bade my JULIA shew
A bud in either cheek!

TO DIANEME.

GIVE me one kiss,
And no more!
If so be, this
Makes you poor;
To enrich you,
I'll restore
For that one, two
Thousand score!

TO DIANEME.

I COULD but see thee yesterday,
Stung by a fretful bee;
And I the javelin sucked away,
And healed the wound in thee!

A thousand thorns, and briars, and stings,
I have in my poor breast;
Yet ne'er can see that salve which brings
My Passions any rest!

As LOVE shall help me! I admire
How thou canst sit, and smile,
To see me bleed; and not desire
To stench the blood the while!

If thou, composed of gentle mould,
Art so unkind to me;
What dismal stories will be told
Of those that cruel be!

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD, FOR HIS HOUSE.

LORD! Thou hast given me a cell
    Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
    Is weather-proof;
Under the spars of which, I lie
    Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
    Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
    Me, while I sleep.
Low is my Porch, as is my fate,
    Both void of State;
And yet the threshold of my door
    Is worn by th' poor;
Who thither come, and freely get
    Good words, or meat.
Like as my Parlour, so my Hall,
    And Kitchen, 's small!
A little Buttery; and therein
    A little Bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
    Unchipped, unflead!
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
    Make me a fire;
Close by whose living coal I sit,
    And glow like it.

LORD! I confess too, when I dine,
The Pulse is Thine!
And all those other bits, that be
There placed by Thee,
The Worts, the Purslain, and the mess
Of Watercress;
Which, of Thy kindness, Thou hast sent!
And my content
Makes those, and my belovèd Beet,
To be more sweet!
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink!
LORD! 'tis Thy plenty-dropping hand
That soils my land;
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
Twice ten for one!
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day!
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
Me twins each year!
The while, the conduits of my kine
Run cream, for wine!
All these, and better, Thou dost send
Me to this end,
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart!
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine!

But the acceptance; that must be,
My CHRIST, by Thee!

TO DAISIES: NOT TO SHUT TOO SOON!

SHUT not so soon! The dull-eyed night
Has not, as yet, begun
To make a seizure on the light;
Or to seal up the sun!

No Marigolds yet closèd are;
No shadows great appear;
Nor doth the early Shepherd's Star
Shine like a spangle here!

Stay but till my JULIA close
Her life-begetting eye!
And let the whole world then dispose
Itself to live, or die!

'CHERRY RIPE!'

'CHERRY ripe! ripe! ripe!' I cry,
'Full and fair ones! Come and buy!'
If so be, you ask me, 'Where
They do grow?' I answer, 'There,
Where my JULIA's lips do smile!
There 's the land, or Cherry Isle;
Whose Plantations fully show,
All the year, where cherries grow!'

UPON TIME.

TIME was upon
The wing, to fly away;
And I called on
Him, but a while to stay:
But he'd be gone,
For aught that I could say.

He held out then
A Writing, as he went;
And asked me, 'When
False Man would be content
To pay again,
What GOD and Nature lent?'

An hour-glass,
In which were sands but few,
As he did pass,
He showed; and told me too,
Mine end near was.
And so away he flew!

ETERNITY.

O, YEARS! and Age! farewell!
Behold, I go
Where I do know
Infinity to dwell!

And these mine eyes shall see
All times; how they
Are lost i' th' sea
Of vast Eternity!

Where never Moon shall sway
The stars; but she,
And Night, shall be
Drowned in one endless Day!

HIS POETRY'S PILLAR.

ONLY a little more
I have to write;
Then I'll give o'er
And bid the World 'Good night!'

'Tis but a flying minute
That I must stay,
Or linger in it;
And then I must away!

O, Time! that cutt'st down all!
And scarce leav'st here
Memorial
Of any men that were;

How many lie forgot
In vaults beneath!
And piecemeal rot,
Without a fame in death!

Behold, this Living Stone
I rear for me!
Ne'er to be thrown
Down, envious Time, by thee!

Pillars, let some set up!
If so they please;
Here is my hope
And my pyramides!

THE PILLAR OF FAME.

FAME'S Pillar here, at last, we set;
Out-during marble, brass, or jet!
Charmed and enchanted so,
As to withstand the blow
Of overthrow!
Nor shall the seas,
Or outrages
Of storms, o'erbear
What we uprear!
Tho' kingdoms fall;
This Pillar never shall
Decline, or waste at all!
But stand for ever, by his own
Firm and well-fixed foundation.

To his Book's end; this last line he'd have placed!
Jocund his Muse was; but his Life was chaste!

MY HAPPY LIFE.

TO A FRIEND.

DEAREST in friendship, if you'll know
Where I myself, and how, bestow;
Especially when as I range,
Guided by Nature to love change:
Believe, it is not to advance,
Or add to, my inheritance;
Seeking t' engross by power, amiss,
What any other man calls his.
  But full contented with my own,
I let all other things alone!
Which better to enjoy 'thout strife,
I settle to a Country Life:
And in a sweet retirement there,
Cherish all hopes; but banish fear!
  Offending none; so for defence,
Armed *cap-à-pie* with Innocence,
I do dispose of my time thus,
To make it more propitious.

  First, my GOD served, I do commend
The rest to some choice book, or friend;
Wherein I may such treasure find
T' inrich my nobler part, the mind.
  And that my body, health comprise,
Use too some moderate exercise!
Whether invited to the field,

To see what pastime that can yield,
With horse, or hound, or hawk; or t' be
More taken with a well-grown tree;
Under whose shades, I may rehearse
The holy Lays of Sacred Verse!
Whilst in the branches perchèd higher,
The winged crew sit as in a quire.
This seems to me a better noise
Than Organs; or the dear-bought voice
From Pleader's breath, in Court, or Hall,
At any time is stocked withal.
For here one may, if marking well,
Observe the plaintive PHILOMEL
Bemoan her sorrows; and the thrush
Plead safety through defendant bush;
The popinjay, in various dye,
Performs the Sergeant; and the pie
Chatters as if she would revive
The old Levite prerogative,
And bring new rochets in again;
Till crows and jackdaws, in disdain
Of her pied feathers, chase her thence,
To yield to their pre-eminence.
For you must know 't observed, of late,
That Reformation in the State
Begets no less, by imitation,
Amidst this chirping feathered nation!
Cuckoos ingrate, and woodcocks some
Here are; which 'cause they 't seasons come,
May be compared to such as stand

At terms, and their returns command.
  And lest Authority take cold;
Here 's th' ivy's guest of wonder, th' owl!
Ruffed like a Judge; and with a beak
As it would give the Charge and speak.
Then 'tis the goose and buzzard's art
Alone, to perform the Client's part;
For neither dove, nor pigeon, shall!
Whilst they are both exempt from gall.
  The augur, hern, and soaring kite
Kalendar weather in their flight;
As do the cleanlier ducks, when they
Dive voluntary, wash, prune, play:
With the fair cygnet, whose delight
Is to outvie the snow in white;
And therefore always seeks to hide
Her feet, lest they allay her pride.
  The moor-hen, dab-chick, water-rail,
With little wash-dish or wag-tail,
The finch, the sparrow, JENNY wren,
With robin that 's so kind to men,
The white-tail, and tom-tit, obey
Their seasons, bill and tread, then lay.
  The lyric lark doth early rise,
And, mounting, pays her sacrifice;
Whilst, from some hedge, or close of firs,
The partridge calls its mate, and chirrs:
And that the Country seem more pleasant,
Each heath hath pout, and wood yields pheasant.
  JUNO's delight, with cocks and hens,

Turkeys, are my domestic friends!
Nor do I bird of prey inlist,
But what I carry on my fist!

Now (not to want a Court) a King-
Fisher is here, with purple wing;
Who brings me to the spring-head, where
Crystal is limbecked all the year:
And every drop distilled implies
An ocean of felicities;
Whilst, calculating, it spins on,
And turns the pebbles one by one,
Administ'ring to eye and ear
New stars, and music like the Sphere;
When every purl calcined doth run,
And represent such from the sun.

Devouring pike here hath no place,
Nor is it stored with roach, or dace;
The chub or cheven not appear,
Nor miller's-thumbs, nor gudgeons here:
But nobler trouts, beset with stones
Of ruby and of diamonds,
Bear greatest sway; yet some intrench,
As sharp-finned perch and healing tench.
The stream 's too pure for carp to lie
Subject to perspicuity.
For it must here be understood,
There are no beds of sand and mud;
But such a gravel as might pose

The best of Scholars to disclose,
And books and Learning all confute;
Being clad in water-tissue suit.

These cool delights, helped with the air
Fanned from the branches of the fair
Old beech, or oak, enchantments tie
To every sense's faculty;
And master all those powers should give
The will any prerogative!
Yet when the scorching noonday's heat,
Incommodates the lowing neat,
Or bleating flock; hither each one
Hastes to be my companion.

And when the western sky, with red
Roses, bestrews the Day Star's bed;
The wholesome Maid comes out to milk,
In russet coat, but skin like silk;
Which, though the sun and air dye brown,
Will yield to none of all the Town
For softness! and her breath's sweet smell
Doth all the new-milked kie excel!
She knows no rotten teeth; nor hair
Bought, or complexion, t' make her fair:
But is her own fair wind and dress;
Not envying City's happiness.
Yet as she would extend some pity
To the drained neat, she frames a Ditty;
Which doth inchant the beast, until

It patiently lets her pail fill:
This, doth the babbling ECHO catch;
And so, at length, to me 't doth reach.
  Straight, roused up, I verdict pass!
Concluding, from this bonny Lass
And the birds' strains, 'tis hard to say,
Which taught notes first? or she! or they!

  Thus ravished, as the night draws on
Its sable curtain, in I'm gone
To my poor cell; which, 'cause 'tis mine,
I judge it doth all else outshine!
Hung with content, and weather proof;
Though neither pavement, nor roof,
Borrow from marble quarr below;
Or from those hills where cedars grow.
  There, I embrace and kiss my spouse;
Who, like the VESTA to the house,
A syllabub prepares, to show,
By care and love, what I must owe.
  Then, calling in the spawn and fry;
Who, whilst they live, ne'er let us die!
But every face is hers, or mine;
Though minted yet in lesser coin:
She takes an apple, I a plum,
Encouragements for all and some;
Till, in return, they crown the hearth
With innocent and harmless mirth!
Which sends us joyful to our rest;
More than a thousand others blest!

WISHES.

TO HIS (SUPPOSED) MISTRESS.

WHOE'ER She be!
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er She lie,
Locked up from mortal eye,
In shady leaves of Destiny;

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps to our earth;

Till that divine
Idæa take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my Wishes!
Bespeak her to my blisses!
And be ye called, My absent kisses!

I wish her Beauty,
That owes not all his duty
To gaudy 'tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie!

Something more than
Taffeta, or tissue, can;
Or rampant feather, or rich fan!

More than the spoil
Of shop, or silkworm's toil!
Or a bought blush! or a set smile!

A Face, that 's best
By its own beauty drest;
And can, alone, command the rest!

A Face, made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope!

A Cheek, where Youth
And Blood, with pen of Truth,
Write what the Reader sweetly ru'th!

A Cheek, where grows
More than a morning rose!
Which to no box, his being owes.

Lips, where all day
A Lover's kiss may play;
Yet carry nothing thence away!

Looks, that oppress
Their richest tires; but dress
And clothe their simplest nakedness!

Eyes, that displace
The neighbour diamond; and outface
That sunshine, by their own sweet grace!

Tresses, that wear
Jewels but to declare
How much themselves more precious are;

Whose native ray
Can tame the wanton day
Of gems, that in their bright shades play!

Each ruby there,
Or pearl, that dare appear,
Be its own blush! be its own tear!

A well-tamed Heart,
For whose more noble smart,
LOVE may be long choosing a dart!

Eyes, that bestow
Full quivers on LOVE's bow;
Yet pay less arrows, than they owe [*own*]!

Smiles, that can warm
The blood; yet teach a charm,
That chastity shall take no harm!

Blushes, that bin
The burnish of no sin;
Nor flames of aught too hot within!

Joys, that confess
Virtue their mistress;
And have no other head to dress! . . .

Days, that need borrow
No part of their 'Good morrow!'
From a forespent night of sorrow! . . .

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end;
And, when it comes, say, 'Welcome, friend!'

SIDNÆAN showers
Of sweet Discourse; whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers!

Soft, silken hours!
Open suns! shady bowers!
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers!

Whate'er delight
Can make Day's forehead bright;
Or give down to the wings of Night!

In her whole frame,
Have Nature all the name;
Art and Ornament, the shame!

Her flattery,
Picture and Poesy!
Her counsel, her own virtue be!

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of Wishes! And I wish——No more!

Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her, whose just bays
My future hopes can raise
A trophy to her present praise;

Her, that dares be
What these Lines wish to see:
I seek no further! It is She!

'Tis She! and here,
Lo, I unclothe, and clear,
My Wishes' cloudy Character!

May she enjoy it,
Whose merit dares apply it;
But modesty dares still deny it!

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying Wishes;
And determine them to kisses!

Let her full glory,
My Fancies, fly before ye!
Be ye my fictions; but her story!

OUT OF THE ITALIAN.

To thy Lover,
Dear! discover
That sweet Blush of thine! that shameth
(When those roses
It discloses)
All the flowers that Nature nameth.

In free air,
Flow thy Hair!
That no more, Summer's best dresses
Be beholden,
For their golden
Locks, to PHŒBUS' flaming tresses.

O, deliver
LOVE his quiver!
From thy Eyes, he shoots his arrows,
Where APOLLO
Cannot follow,
Feathered with his mother's sparrows.

O, envy not
(That we die not!)
Those dear Lips! whose door encloses
All the Graces
In their places!
Brother pearls; and sister roses!

From these treasures
Of ripe pleasures;
One bright smile, to clear the weather!
Earth and Heaven,
Thus made even,
Both will be good friends together.

The air does woo thee!
Winds cling to thee!
Might a word once fly from out thee,
Storm and thunder
Would sit under;
And keep silence round about thee!

But if Nature's
Common creatures,
So dear glories dare not borrow;
Yet thy beauty
Owes a duty
To my loving, ling'ring sorrow!

When, to end me,
Death shall send me
All his terrors, to affright me:
Thine eyes' graces
Gild their faces;
And those terrors shall delight me!

When my dying
Life is flying,
Those sweet Airs, that often slew me,
Shall revive me;
Or reprive me,
And to many deaths renew me!

AN EPITAPH

UPON A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE DEAD AND BURIED TOGETHER.

To these, whom Death again did wed;
This grave 's their second Marriage Bed.
For though the hand of Fate could force,
'Twixt soul and body a divorce;
It could not sunder Man and Wife!
'Cause they both livèd but one life.
Peace, good Reader! do not weep!
Peace, the Lovers are asleep!
They, sweet turtles, folded lie
In the last knot Love could tie!
And though they lie as they were dead
(Pillow hard; and sheets not warm!);
Love made the bed! They'll take no harm!
Let them sleep! Let them sleep on,
Till this stormy night be gone;
And th' eternal morrow dawn!
Then, the curtains will be drawn!
And they wake into that Light;
Whose Day shall never die in Night!

WRITTEN DURING HIS CAPTIVITY AT CARISBROOKE CASTLE, 1648.

GREAT Monarch of the World! from whose arm springs
The potency and power of Kings,
Record the royal woe, my sufferings!

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in Truth's seraphic line,
To track the treasons of thy foes, and mine!

Nature and Law, by thy divine decree
(The only root of righteous loyalty!),
With this dim diadem invested me!

With it, the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
Thy holy unction, and the royal globe;
Yet I am levelled with the life of JOB!

The fiercest Furies that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray discrownèd head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread!

They raise a war, and christen it, *The Cause*:
Whilst sacrilegious persons have applause;
Plunder and Murder are the Kingdom's laws!

Tyranny bears the title of *Taxation.*
Revenge and Robbery are *Reformation.*
Oppression gains the name of *Sequestration.*

My loyal subjects, who, in this bad season,
Attend me (by the law of GOD and reason!);
They dare impeach, and punish for High Treason!

Next, at the Clergy do their furies frown!
Pious Episcopacy must go down!
They will destroy the Crosier and the Crown!

Churchmen are chained; and Schismatics are freed!
Mechanics preach; and holy Fathers bleed!
The Crown is crucified with the Creed!

The Church of England does all faction foster!
The Pulpit is usurped by each impostor!
Extempore excludes the *Paternoster.*

The Presbyter and Independent Seed
Springs from broad blades, to make Religion bleed!
HEROD and PONTIUS PILATE are agreed!

The Corner-stone 's misplaced by every pavier.
With such a bloody method and behaviour;
Their ancestors did crucify our Saviour!

My Royal Consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many Princes legally have come,
Is forced, in pilgrimage, to seek a tomb!

Great Britain's Heir is forcèd into France;
Whilst on his father's head, his foes advance.
Poor child! He weeps out his inheritance!

With my own power, my Majesty they wound!
In the King's name, the King himself 's uncrowned!
So doth the dust destroy the diamond!

With Propositions, daily, they inchant
My people's ears: such as do reason daunt;
And the Almighty will not let me grant!

They promise to erect my Royal Stem,
To make me great, t' advance my diadem;
If I will first fall down, and worship them!

But, for refusal, they devour my thrones,
Distress my children, and destroy my bones!
I fear, they'll force me to make bread of stones!

My life they prize at such a slender rate
That, in my absence, they draw Bills of hate,
To prove the King a traitor to the State!

Felons obtain more privilege than I!
They are allowed to answer, ere they die;
'Tis death for me, to ask the reason Why!

But, sacred Saviour! with thy words, I woo
Thee to forgive! and not be bitter to
Such as (thou know'st!) do not know what they do!

For since they, from the LORD are so disjointed,
As to contemn the edict he appointed;
How can they prize the power of his Anointed!

Augment my patience! Nullify my hate!
Preserve my issue; and inspire my Mate!
Yet though we perish; bless this Church and State!

Vota dabunt quæ bella negarunt.

I SWEAR, by Muscadel!
That I do love thee well,
And more than I can tell!
By the White, Claret, and Sack,
I do love thy black! black! black!
I do love thy black! black! black!

No Goddess, 'mongst them all,
So slender, and so tall,
And grateful too withal!
Which makes my sinews to crack
For thy black! black! black!
For thy dainty black! black!

So lovely, and so fair;
Though shadowed with thy hair!
So nimble, just like air!
All these set me on love's rack
For thy black! black! black!
For thy dainty black! black!

Thy kind and cunning eye,
When first it did espy,
Our love it did descry,
Dumb, speaking, 'What d' you lack?'
Mine answered, 'Thy black! black!
Thy dainty black! black! black!'

INVEST my head with fragrant rose
That on fair FLORA's bosom grows!
Distend my veins with purple juice,
That mirth may through my soul diffuse!
'Tis Wine and Love, and Love in Wine,
Inspires our Youth with flames divine!

Thus, crowned with Paphian myrtle, I
In Cyprian shades will bathing lie!
Whose snow, if too much cooling, then
BACCHUS shall warm my blood again!
'Tis Wine and Love, and Love in Wine, &c.

Life 's short; and wingèd Pleasures fly!
Who mourning live; do living die!
On down and floods, then, swan-like, I
Will stretch my limbs; and, singing, die!
'Tis Wine and Love, and Love in Wine, &c.

A SONG TO AMORET.

If I were dead, and, in my place,
  Some fresher Youth designed
To warm thee, with new fires; and grace
  Those arms I left behind:

Were he as faithful as the Sun,
  That 's wedded to the Sphere;
His blood as chaste and temp'rate run,
  As April's mildest tear;

Or were he rich; and, with his heap
  And spacious share of earth,
Could make divine affection cheap,
  And court his golden birth:

For all these arts, I'd not believe,
  (No! though he should be thine!)
The mighty Amorist could give
  So rich a heart as mine!

Fortune and Beauty, thou might'st find;
  And Greater Men than I:
But my true resolvèd mind,
  They never shall come nigh!

WHAT IS LOVE?

'Tis a child of Fancy's getting,
Brought up between Hope and Fear,
Fed with Smiles, grown by uniting
Strong, and so kept by Desire.
'Tis a perpetual Vestal Fire,
Never dying!
Whose smoke, like incense, doth aspire,
Upwards flying!

It is a soft magnetic stone,
Attracting hearts by sympathy:
Binding up close, two souls in one;
Both discoursing secretly.
'Tis the true Gordian Knot that ties;
Yet ne'er unbinds!
Fixing thus, two Lovers' eyes
As well as minds.

'Tis the Spheres' heavenly harmony,
Where two skilful hands do strike;
And every sound expressively
Marries sweetly with the like!
'Tis the World's everlasting Chain,
That all things tied;
And bid them, like the fixèd Wain,
Unmoved to bide!

'Tis Nature's law inviolate,
Confirmed by mutual consent:
Where two dislike, like, love, and hate;
Each to the other's full content.
'Tis the caress of every thing!
The turtle-dove!
Both birds and beasts do offerings bring
To mighty Love!

'Tis th' Angels' joy! the Gods' delight! Man's bliss!
'Tis all in all! Without Love, nothing is!

TO CUPID.

Thou that hast shot so many hearts,
With thy enchanted darts!
Young Archer! if thou hast one more
In all thy store,
Send it, O, send it to my Love,
Winged with the feathers of thy mother's dove!

Or head it with the same desire,
Thou didst my shaft inspire;
Or take thine arrow back from me!
'Tis cruelty,
Sometimes, not to be cruel! O,
Or smite both hearts; or else unbend thy bow!

THE RETREAT.

HAPPY, those early days! when I
Shined in my angel-infancy.
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race;
Or taught my soul to fancy ought
But a white, celestial thought:
When, yet, I had not walked above
A mile, or two, from my first love;
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of His bright face:
When, on some gilded cloud, or flower,
My gazing soul would dwell an hour;
And, in those weaker glories, spy
Some shadows of Eternity.

Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound;
Or had the Black Art to dispense
A sev'ral sin to every sense:
But felt, through all this fleshly dress,
Bright Shoots of Everlastingness!

O, how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might, once more, reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train:
From whence, th' enlightened spirit sees
That shady City of Palm Trees.

But, ah! my soul, with too much stay,
Is drunk; and staggers in the way!
  Some men, a forward motion love;
But I, by backward steps would move!
And when this dust falls to the urn;
In that state I came, return!

THEY are all gone into the World of Light!
  And I, alone, sit ling'ring here;
Their very memory is fair and bright,
    And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters, in my cloudy breast,
  Like stars upon some gloomy grove;
Or those faint beams, in which this hill is drest,
    After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory!
  Whose light doth trample on my days:
My days, which are, at best, but dull and hoary;
    Mere glimmering and decays!

O, holy Hope! and high Humility!
  High as the Heavens above!
These are your walks; and you have showed them me,
    To kindle my cold love!

Dear, beauteous Death! the jewel of the Just,
Shining nowhere but in the dark!
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;
Could Man outlook that mark!

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest, may
At first sight, if the bird be flown; [know,
But what fair well, or grove, he sings in now;
That is to him unknown!

And yet as Angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul, when Man doth sleep;
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted
And into glory peep! [themes,

If a star were confined into a tomb;
Her captive flames must needs burn there!
But when the hand, that locked her up, gives room;
She'll shine through all the Sphere!

O, Father of Eternal Life, and all
Created glories under Thee!
Resume thy spirit from this World of Thrall,
Into true liberty!

Either disperse these mists! which blot and fill
My perspective still, as they pass;
Or else, remove me hence unto that Hill;
Where I shall need no glass.

THE WORLD.

I SAW Eternity, the other night,
Like a great Ring of pure and endless Light,
All calm as it was bright:
And round, beneath it, Time in Hours, Days, Years,
Driven by the Spheres,
Like a vast Shadow moved; in which, the World
And all her Train were hurled.
The doting Lover, in his quaintest strain,
Did there complain!
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights;
Wit's sour delights!
Vith gloves and knots, the silly snares of Pleasure:
Yet his dear treasure
ll scattered lay; while he, his eyes did pore
Upon a flower!

darksome Stat[illegible] ıg with weights and woe,
a thick m[illegible] oved there so slow,
ıy, nor go!

Condemning thoughts, like sad eclipses, scowl
Upon his soul;
And clouds of crying witnesses without
Pursued him with one shout!
Yet digged the Mole! and lest his ways be found,
Worked under ground,
Where he did clutch his prey; but one did see
That policy!
Churches and altars fed him! Perjuries
Were gnats and flies!
It rained about him blood and tears; but he
Drank them as free!

The fearful Miser, on a heap of rust,
Sat pining all his life there! did scarce trust
His own hands with the dust!
Yet would not place one piece above; but lives
In fear of thieves!
Thousands there, were as frantic as himself;
And hugged, each one, his pelf!
The downright Epicure placed heaven in Sense;
And scorned pretence!
While others, slipped into a wide excess,
Said little less.
The weaker sort, slight trivial wares inslave!
Who think them brave:
And poor, despisèd Truth sat counting by
Their victory.

Yet some who, all this while, did weep and sing,
And sing and weep, soared up into the Ring;
But most would use no wing!
'O, fools!' said I, 'thus to prefer dark night
Before true light!
To live in grots and caves; and hate the day,
Because it shows the way!
The way which, from this dead and dark abode,
Leads up to GOD!
A way where you might tread the sun; and be
More bright than he!'
But as I did, their madness so discuss;
One whispered thus,
This Ring, the Bridegroom did for none provide,
But for his Bride!

THE SURPRISE.

THERE 's no dallying with LOVE;
  Though he be a child and blind!
Then let none, the danger prove;
  Who would, to himself be kind!
    Smile he does, when thou dost play;
    But his smiles, to death betray!

Lately with the Boy I sported.
  Love I did not; yet love feigned.
Had not Mistress; yet I courted.
  Sigh I did; yet was not pained.
    Till, at last, this love in jest,
    Proved in earnest my unrest!

When I saw my Fair One first,
  In the feignèd fire I burned;
But true flames, my poor heart pierced,
  When her eyes on mine she turned,
    So a real wound I took,
    For my counterfeited look!

Slighted LOVE, his skill to show,
  Struck me with a mortal dart;
Then I learnt that, 'gainst his bow,
  Vain are the weak helps of Art!
    And, thus captived, found that true
    Doth dissembled love pursue.

'Cause his fetters I disclaimed,
Now the Tyrant faster bound me!
With more scorching brands inflamed,
'Cause in love so cold he found me!
And my sighs more scalding made,
'Cause with winds before they played!

None who loves not, then make show!
LOVE 's as ill deceived as Fate!
Fly the Boy; he'll cog and woo!
Mock him; and he wounds thee straight!
Ah! who dally, boast in vain;
False love wants not real pain!

WEEPING AND KISSING.

A KISS I begged: but, smiling, She
Denied it me!
When, straight, her cheeks with tears o'erflown,
Now kinder grown,
What, smiling, She'd not let me have;
She, weeping, gave!
Then you, whom scornful Beauties awe,
Hope yet relief!
For LOVE (who tears, from smiles) can draw
Pleasure, from grief!

THE ANGLER'S SONG.

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise! and some, the hawk!
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use Tennis! Some, a Mistress court!
But these delights; I neither wish,
Nor envy, while I freely fish!

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide.
Who uses games, may often prove
A loser: but who falls in love
Is fettered in fond CUPID's snare.
My Angle breeds me no such care!

Of recreation there is none
So free as Fishing is alone!
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess!
My hand alone, my work can do;
So I can fish and study too!

I care not, I, to fish in seas;
Fresh rivers best my mind do please!
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate;
And seek, in life, to imitate!
In civil bounds, I fain would keep;
And for my past offences weep!

And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait;
How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind!
And when none bite; I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise!

But yet, though while I fish I fast,
I make good fortune my repast!
And thereunto my friend invite;
In whom I more than that delight!
Who is more welcome to my dish,
Than to my Angle was my fish.

As well content no prize to take,
As use of taken prize to make;
For so our LORD was pleasèd, when
He Fishers made Fishers of Men!
Where (which is in no other game!)
A man may fish, and praise his name!

The first men that our Saviour dear
Did choose to wait upon him here,
Blest Fishers were! and fish, the last
Food was, that he on earth did taste!
I therefore strive to follow those;
Whom he, to follow him hath chose.

FOUR MASQUERS.

A Lady dressed by Love.

Her hair with Lover's Hopes curled in long rings,
Her braids plaited hard with his Protestings;
Yet, often times, those curlèd hairs went out
With Lover's windy Fears, and damps of Doubt.
Strings of threaded Tears about her neck she wore;
Dropped from her Lover's eyes, whose image bore.
His Sighs, as pendants, hung at either ear;
Sometimes were troublesome, if heavy were.
Of Admiration was her gown made on;
Where Praises high-imbroidered were upon.
Ribbands of Verses Love hung here and there,
According as the several fancies were:
With some, she tied her looking-glass of Pride,
And fan of Good Opinion by her side.
Sometimes, Love Pleasure took a veil to place,
Of Glances; which did cover all her face.

A Soldier armed by Mars.

A headpiece made of Prudence; where 's his eye,
Of Judgement, dangers or mistakes to spy.
His breastplate made of Courage, to keep out
Bullets of Fear, or blows of timorous Doubt:
And on his hands, gauntlets of active Skill;
Wherewith he held a pole-axe of Good Will.

His sword was a strong and stiff-metalled blade;
For it was all, of pure bright Honour made.
A scarf, which FORTUNE gave, his waist did tie;
Imbroidered thick with stars of purple dye.
A plume of valiant Thoughts did on his headpiece toss.
A leaguer cloak of Merit, about him was.
His spurs rowelled with Hope; which pierced the side
Of strong Ambition, whereon he did ride.
Thus was he armed; and for great FAME did fight.
She was his Mistress; he, her Champion Knight!

A LADY DRESSED BY YOUTH.

Her hair was curls of Pleasure and Delight;
Which through her skin, did cast a glimmering light.
As lace, her bashful eyelids downwards hung.
A modest Countenance[1], over her face was flung.
Blushes, as coral beads, she strung, to wear
About her neck; and pendants for each ear.
Her gown was by Proportion cut; and made
With veins imbroidered, with Complexion laid.
Light words, with ribbands of Chaste Thoughts upties;
And loose behaviour, which through errors flies.
Rich jewels of bright Honour she did wear,
By Noble Actions placed were everywhere.
Thus dressed, to FAME's great Court straightway she went;
There danced a brawl with YOUTH, LOVE, MIRTH, CONTENT.

[1] As a veil.

A Woman dressed by Age.

A milk-white hair-lace wound up all her hairs;
And a deaf coif did cover both her ears.
A sober Countenance about her face she ties;
And a dim Sight doth cover half her eyes.
About her neck, a kercher of coarse skin;
Which Time had crumpled, and worn creases in.
Her gown was turned to Melancholy black;
Which loose did hang upon her sides and back.
Her stockings, Cramps had knit; red worsted, Gout;
And Pains, as garters, tied her legs about.
A pair of Palsy gloves her hands draw on;
With Weakness stitched, and Numbness trimmed upon.
Her shoes were Corns and hard Skin sewed together:
Hard Skin was soles; and Corns, the upper leather.
A mantle of Diseases laps her round:
And thus she 's dressed, till Death lays her in ground.

The Chorus.

Thus Love and War, and Age and Youth, did meet
In scenes of Poetry, and Numbers sweet.
War took out Love, and Age did take out Youth;
And all did dance upon the Stage of Truth.

THE EXCELLENCY OF WINE.

'Tis Wine that inspires,
And quencheth Love's fires;
Teaches fools how to rule a State!
Maids ne'er did approve it;
Because those that love it,
Despise, and laugh at, their hate!

The drinkers of Beer
Did ne'er yet appear
In matters of any weight!
'Tis he whose design
Is quickened by Wine,
That raises things to their height.

We then should it prize;
For never black eyes
Made wounds, which this could not heal!
Who then doth refuse
To drink of this juice,
Is a foe to the common weal!

NO CONSTANCY IN MAN.

Be gone! Be gone, thou perjured man!
  And never more return!
For know, that thy inconstancy
  Hath changed my love to scorn!
    Thou hast awaked me! and I can
    See clearly there 's no truth in Man!

My love to thee was chaste and pure,
  As is the morning dew;
And 'twas alone like to endure;
  Hadst thou not proved untrue!
    But I'm awaked! and now I can
    See clearly there 's no truth in Man!

Thou mayst, perhaps, prevail upon
  Some other to believe thee;
And since thou canst love more than one,
  Ne'er think that it shall grieve me!
    For th' hast awaked me! and I can
    See clearly there 's no truth in Man!

By thy apostasy, I find
  That Love is placed amiss,
And can't continue, in the mind
  Where Virtue wanting is.
    I'm now resolved! and know there can
    No constant thought remain in Man!

THE CELESTIAL MISTRESS.

CÆLIA! thy bright Angel's face
May be called a heavenly place!
The whiteness of the Starry Way,
Nature did on thy forehead lay!
But thine eyes have brightness won,
Not from stars, but from the sun!
The blushing of the Morn,
In thy rosy cheek is worn!
The music of the heavenly Spheres,
In thy soul's winning voice appears!
Happy were I! had I, like ATLAS, grace,
So fair a heaven, within my arms t' embrace!

EPITAPHS UPON HER PARENTS.

GOVERNOR THOMAS DUDLEY.

WITHIN this tomb, a Patriot lies;
That was both pious, just, and wise.
To Truth, a shield; to Right, a wall;
To Sectaries, a whip and maul.
A magazine of history.
A prizer of good company.
In manners pleasant and severe;
The good him loved, the bad did fear:
And when his time, with years was spent;
If some rejoiced, more did lament!

MISTRESS DOROTHY DUDLEY.

A WORTHY Matron of unspotted life,
A lovely Mother and obedient Wife:
A friendly Neighbour, pitiful to poor;
Whom oft she fed, and clothèd with her store.
To servants, wisely awful, but yet kind;
And as they did, so they reward did find.
A true Instructor of her family;
The which she ordered with dexterity.
The Public Meetings ever did frequent;
And in her Closet, constant hours she spent.
Religious in all her words and ways;
Preparing still for death, till end of days.
Of all her children, children lived to see;
Then, dying, left a blessèd memory.

John Digby, Earl of Bristol.

GRIEVE not, dear Love! although we often part:
But know, that Nature gently doth us sever,
Thereby to train us up, with tender art,
To brook the day, when we must part for ever.

For Nature, doubting we should be surprised
By that sad day, whose dread doth chiefly fear us,
Doth keep us daily schooled and exercised;
Lest that the fright thereof should overbear us!

O, THE brave Fisher's life!
It is the best of any!
'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife;
And 'tis beloved of many.
Other joys
Are but toys!
Only this
Lawful is!
For our skill
Breeds no ill;
But content and pleasure.

In a morning, up we rise
Ere AURORA 's peeping;
Drink a cup, to wash our eyes,
Leave the sluggard sleeping.
Then we go
To and fro,
With our knacks
At our backs,
To such streams
As the Thames,
If we have the leisure.

When we please to walk abroad
For our recreation,
In the fields is our abode,
Full of delectation!
Where, in a brook,
With a hook,

Or a lake,
Fish we take.
There we sit
For a bit,
Till we fish intangle.

We have gentles in a horn;
We have paste and worms too!
We can watch, both night and morn,
Suffer rain and storms too!
None do here
Use to swear!
Oaths do fray
Fish away!
We sit still,
Watch our quill;
Fishers must not wrangle!

If the sun's excessive heat
Makes our bodies swelter;
To an osier hedge we get,
For a friendly shelter.
Where, in a dike,
Perch, or pike,
Roach, or dace,
We do chase!
Bleak, or gudgeon,
Without grudging;
We are still contented!

Or we sometimes pass an hour
  Under a green willow,
That defends us from a shower,
  Making earth our pillow.
    There, we may
    Think and pray,
    Before Death
    Stops our breath!
    Other joys
    Are but toys;
  And to be lamented.

ON HIS MISTRESS'S GARDEN OF HERBS.

HEART'S-EASE, a herb that sometimes hath been seen,
In my Love's garden plot, to flourish green,
Is dead and withered with a wind of woe:
And bitter *Rue* in place thereof doth grow.
The cause I find to be, Because I did
Neglect the herb called *Time:* which now doth bid
Me never hope; nor look once more again
To gain *Heart's-ease*, to ease my heart of pain.
One hope is this, in this my woeful case,
My *Rue*, though bitter, may prove *Herb of Grace.*

BEFORE THE BODY OF AJAX.

THE glories of our blood and State
Are shadows; not substantial things!
There is no armour against Fate!
Death lays his icy hand on Kings!
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down;
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crookèd Scythe and Spade!

Some men with swords may reap the Field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves, at last, must yield!
They tame but one another still!
Early, or late,
They stoop to Fate!
And must give up their murmuring breath;
When they, pale captives, creep to death!

The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds!
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See, where the Victor-Victim bleeds!
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb!
Only the actions of the Just
Smell sweet, and blossom, in their dust!

NUNS DISCOVERED, SINGING.

O, FLY, my soul! What hangs upon
Thy drooping wings;
And weighs them down
With love of gaudy mortal things!
The sun is now i' th' East. Each shade,
As he doth rise,
Is shorter made;
That earth may lessen to our eyes!
O, be not careless then, and play,
Until the Star of Peace
Hide all his beams in dark recess!
Poor pilgrims needs must lose their way,
When all the shadows do increase!

WHAT help of tongue need they require,
Or use of other art;
Whose hands thus speak their chaste desire,
And grasp each other's heart?

Weak is that chain that 's made of air!
Our tongues but chafe our breath!
When palms thus meet; there 's no despair
To make a double wreath!

Give but a sigh! a speaking look!
I care not for more noise!
Or let me kiss your hand, the book;
And I have made my choice!

VICTORIOUS men of Earth! no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are!
Though you bind in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night, or day;
Yet you, proud Monarchs! must obey;
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men!

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are!
Nor to these alone confined!
He hath, at will,
More quaint and subtle ways to kill!
A smile, or kiss (as he will use the art!),
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart!

CUPID.

'TELL me tidings of my mother,
Shepherds; and be CUPID's brother!
Down from heaven, we came together
With swan's speed. Came she not hither?
But what Lady have I spied?
Just so, was my mother eyed!
Such her smiles, wherein I dwelt!
In those lips, have I been felt!
Those, the pillows of her breast,
Which gave CUPID so much rest!
'Tis She! 'Tis She! Make holiday,
Shepherds! Carol, dance, and play!
'Tis VENUS! It can be no other!
CUPID now hath found his mother!'

A LOVER'S LEGACY.

FAIN would I, CHLORIS! ere I die,
Bequeath you such a legacy,
As you might say, when I am gone,
'None has the like!' My heart alone
Were the best gift I could bestow;
But that 's already yours, you know!

So that, till you my heart resign,
Or fill, with yours, the place of mine;
And, by that grace, my store renew,
I shall have nought worth giving you!
Whose breast has all the wealth I have,
Save a faint carcase, and a grave.

But had I as many hearts as hairs;
As many Loves as Love has fears;
As many lives as years have hours:
They should be all, and only, yours!

TO AMANDA,

WALKING IN THE GARDEN.

And now, what Monarch would not Gard'ner be;
My fair Amanda's stately gait to see!
How her feet tempt! How soft and light she treads!
Fearing to wake the flowers from their beds;
Yet from their sweet green pillows everywhere,
They start, and gaze about to see my Fair!
Look at yon flower yonder! how it grows
Sensibly! how it opes its leaves, and blows!
Puts its best Easter clothes on, neat and gay!
Amanda's presence makes it holiday!
Look, how on tip-toe that fair Lily stands
To look on thee; and court thy whiter hands
To gather it! I saw, in yonder crowd,
That Tulip bed, of which Dame Flora 's proud;
A short dwarf flower did enlarge its stalk,
And shoot an inch, to see Amanda walk!
Nay, look, my Fairest! Look, how fast they grow
Into a scaffold-method Spring! as though,
Riding to Parl'ament, were to be seen
In pomp and State, some royal am'rous Queen!

The gravelled walks (though even as a die,
Lest some loose pebble should offensive lie!)
Quilt themselves o'er with downy moss for thee!
The walls are hanged with blossomed tapestry;
To hide their nakedness, when looked upon!
The maiden Fig-tree put EVE's apron on!
The broad-leaved Sycamore, and every tree,
Shakes like the trembling Asp, and bends to thee!
And each leaf proudly strives, with fresher air,
To fan the curlèd tresses of thy hair!
Nay, and the Bee too, with his wealthy thigh,
Mistakes his hive; and to thy lips doth fly!
Willing to treasure up his honey there,
Where honeycombs so sweet and plenty are.
Look, how that pretty modest Columbine
Hangs down its head, to view those feet of thine!
See the fond motion of the Strawberry;
Creeping on th' earth, to go along with thee!
The lovely Violet makes after too;
Unwilling yet, my Dear! to part with you!
The Knot-grass and the Daisies catch thy toes;
To kiss my Fair One's feet, before she goes!
All court, and wish me lay AMANDA down;
And give my Dear a new green-flowered gown!
Come, let me kiss thee falling! kiss at rise!
Thou, in the Garden; I, in Paradise!

IN PRAISE OF HIS MISTRESS.

'THOU Shepherd, whose intentive eye
On every lamb is such a spy,
No wily fox can make them less,
Where may I find my Shepherdess?'

A little pausing, then said he,
'How can that jewel stray from thee,
In summer's heat, in winter's cold?
I thought thy breast had been her fold!'

'That is, indeed, the constant place,
Wherein my Thoughts still see her face;
And print her image in my heart:
But yet my fond Eyes crave a part!'

With that, he smiling said, 'I might
Of CHLORIS partly have a sight,
And some of her perfections meet,
In ev'ry flower was fresh and sweet.

'The growing Lily bears her skin!
The Violet, her blue veins within!
The blushing Rose, new blown and spread,
Her sweeter cheek, her lips, the red!

'The winds, that wanton with the Spring,
Such odours as her breathing bring!
But the resemblance of her eyes
Was never found beneath the skies!

'Her charming voice, who strives to hit,
His object must be higher yet!
For heaven, and earth, and all we see
Dispersed, collected, is but She!'

Amazed at this discourse, methought,
Love both ambition in me wrought;
And made me covet to engross
A wealth would prove a public loss.

With that, I sighed! ashamed to see
Such worth in her; such want in me!
And closing both mine eyes, forbid
The world my sight; since She was hid.

THE ECHO:

OR, ANSWER OF A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

WHAT 's a good conscience? ECHO, canst say!	*Aye!*
Say then: and what 'tis, manifest!	*A feast.*
Where is 't? I' th' understanding wholly?	*O, lie!*
Is it then, ECHO! in my breast?	*My rest.*
Rest! Is 't from pain, or sin; say, Whether?	*Either.*
If both, 'tis heaven on earth! a saint's bliss!	*Yes.*
Is 't in our own, or others', powers?	*Ours.*
O, then a jewel 'tis, rich and bright!	*Right!*
Then tell me, How shall I come by it?	*Buy it!*
If gold will buy 't; gold I'll provide!	*O, wide!*
If gold will not; what else will do it?	*Do it!*
Is 't not enough, that I believe well?	*Live well!*
Does 't not consist in good affections?	*Actions!*
To get it, are good works the best way?	*Aye!*
How long must this be my endeavour?	*Ever.*

UPON HIS LOSING HIS WAY IN A MIST.

I THOUGHT, I could not go astray,
So perfectly I knew the way.
Yet, in a mist, I missed it, and
Erred now on this, now on that hand:
And till the fog was by the sun
Dispelled, I in a maze did run,
And ride; as if 'twere fairy ground,
Or that the PUCK had led me round.
So, whiles I want a heavenly light,
The day 's to me as dark as night!

Which way I go, I cannot tell;
Whether it be towards Heaven, or Hell!
But this I know, That there is odds
I tread the Devil's track; not GOD's!
For GOD's way straight and narrow is;
The Devil's, broad and hard to miss!
  O, Sun of Righteousness, then shine,
And soon disperse this mist of mine!
Lighten the darkness of my mind,
That I the way to Heaven may find!

UPON A PASSING BELL.

HARK, how the Passing Bell
Rings out thy neighbour's knell!
  And thou, for want of wit
  Or grace, ne'er think'st on it;
Because thou yet art well!

Fool! In two days, or three,
The same may ring for thee!
  For Death's impartial dart
  Will surely hit thy heart!
He will not take a fee!

Since then, he will not spare;
See thou thyself prepare
  Against that dreadful day,
  When thou shalt turn to clay!
This Bell bids thee, Beware!

Then Rashness strikes the ball away,
And there is oversight.
'A bandy ho!' the people cry;
And so the ball takes flight.

Now, at the length, Good-Liking proves
Content to be their gain.
Thus, in the Tennis Court, Love is
A pleasure mixed with pain.

TO CARE.

CARE! Care! go, pack! thou art no mate for me!
Thy thorny thoughts my heart, to death doth wound!
Thou mak'st the Fair seem like a blasted tree!
Thou bring'st ripe years and hoary age to th' ground!
Which makes me sing, to solace my annoy,
'Care! Care! adieu! My heart doth hope for Joy!'

Care! Care! adieu! Thou rival of Delight,
Return unto the cave of dead Despair!
Thou art no guest to harbour in my sprite;
Whose poisoned sighs infect the very air!
Therefore I sing, to solace my annoy, &c.

Care! Care! adieu! and welcome Pleasure now,
Thou, fruit of Joy and ease of Pleasure both,
I wear thy weed! I make a solemn vow;
Let Time, or Chance, be pleasèd, or be wroth!
I therefore sing, to solace my annoy, &c.

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

We all in haste drink off our wine,
  As if we never should drink more;
So that the reck'ning after nine
  Is larger now than that before.
    Release this tongue! which erst could say,
    'Home, Scholars! Drawer! What 's to pay?'

So thou, of Order shalt be Founder;
  Making a Ruler for the people:
One that shalt ring thy praises' wonder,
  Than t' other six bells in the steeple.
    Wherefore, think, when Tom is running,
    Our manners wait upon thy cunning!

Then let him raisèd be from ground,
The same in number, weight, and sound!
So may thy conscience rule thy gain;
Or would thy theft might be thy bane!

TO HIS WORTHY FRIEND AND MISTRESS.

I CHARGE thee, by those eyes of thine,
Give me my heart!
Those eyes that stole it out of mine;
I felt the smart!
And lest the theft you should deny:
Look, where you keep it, in your Eye!

And now I have espied it there,
Thinking to catch it;
You chain and wind it in your Hair!
But still I watch it!
And so, get loose from thence, it flies,
And sports again upon your eyes.

Though now to cozen me you seek,
Thinking to hide:
Yet in the dimple of your Cheek
I have descried!
How now! Discovered: it doth skip
Twixt the soft prison of each Lip.

Yes! Yes! I see it, stealing, go
(Lest I should find it!)
Through the long gallery of snow;
And still I mind it!
How! You have shuffled it between
Your breasts! not thinking it is seen.

See! See! I see it creeping in
(Near you, I fear!)
Through the small crannies of your skin,
To shelter there;
As if that veil could cozen me!
Alas, I know things I not see!

But if not eye, nor hair, nor cheeks,
Nor lip, nor breast, nor heart, it keeps;
Give me them all! for ev'ry part
Thou hast! has part of me, my heart.

STOOL BALL.

At Stool Ball, Lucia, let us play
For sugar, cakes, and wine:
Or for a tansy let us pay;
The loss be thine, or mine!

If thou, my Dear! a winner be
At trundling of the ball;
The wager thou shalt have, and me,
And my misfortunes all!

But if, my Sweetest! I shall get,
Then I desire but this—
That likewise I may pay the bet;
And have, for all, a kiss!

THE QUEEN OF FAIRIES.

Come, follow, follow me!
You, Fairy Elves, that be,
Which circle on the green;
Come, follow me, your Queen!
Hand in hand, let 's dance a round!
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snorting in their nest;
Unheard, and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide!
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it, with our Fairy Elves!

And if the house be foul;
Or platter, dish, or bowl:
Upstairs we nimbly creep,
And find the Sluts asleep;
There, we pinch their arms and thighs!
None escapes; nor none espies!

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept;
We praise the household-maid,
And, surely, she is paid;
For we do use, before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head,
Our table we do spread.
A corn of rye, or wheat,
Is manchet; which we eat.
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In acorn cups, filled to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
The unctious dew of snails,
Between two nutshells stewed,
Is meat that 's easily chewed;
And the beards of little mice
Do make a feast of wondrous price!

On tops of dewy grass,
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet, in the morning, may be seen
Where we, the night before, have been.

The grasshopper and the fly
Serve for our Minstrelsy.
Grace said; we dance a while,
And so the time beguile:
And when the moon doth hide her head;
The glowworm lights us home to bed.

OF WOMEN.

I WONDER, why, by foul-mouthed men,
Women so slandered be!
Since it so easily doth appear
Th' are better far than we!

Why are the Graces, every one,
Pictured as Women be?
If not to show, that they in grace
Do more excel than we!

Why are the Liberal Sciences
Pictured as Women be?
But t' shew, if they would study them,
They'd more excel than we!

And yet the Senses, every one,
As Men should pictured be;
To make it known, that Women are
Less sensual than we!

Why are the Virtues, every one,
Pictured as Women be?
If not to shew, that they in them
Do more excel than we!

Since Women are so full of worth;
Let them all praisèd be!
For commendations they deserve
In ampler wise than we!

TO MASTER HUMPHREY MOSLEY, AND MASTER HUMPHREY ROBINSON.

In the large book of Plays, you, late, did print
In Beaumont's and in Fletcher's name; why in 't
Did you not justice? give to each, his due?
For Beaumont, of those many, writ in few;
And Massinger, in other few: the main
Being sole issues of sweet Fletcher's brain.
'But how came I,' you ask, 'so much to know?'
Fletcher's chief bosom friend informed me so.
I' th' next impression therefore, justice do!
And print their old ones in one volume too!
For Beaumont's *Works*, and Fletcher's, should come forth
With all the right belonging to their worth.

TO PLAUTIA.

AWAY, fond thing! Tempt me no more!
I'll not be won, with all thy store!
I can behold thy golden hair;
And for the owner nothing care!
Thy starry eyes can look upon;
And be mine own, when I have done!
Thy cherry, ruby lips can kiss;
And for fruition never wish!
Can view the garden of thy cheeks;
And slight the roses there, as leeks!
Can hear thee sing, with all thine art;
Without enthralling of my heart!
My liberty thou canst not wrong,
With all the magic of thy tongue!
Thy warm snow-breasts, and I can see;
And neither sigh, nor wish for thee!
Behold thy feet, which we do bless
For bearing so much happiness;
Yet they, at all should not destroy
My strong preservèd liberty! . . .
For thou art false! and wilt be so!
I, else, no other Fair would woo.
Away, therefore! Tempt me no more!
I'll not be won, with all thy store!

You, Ladies fair!
That worthy are
Of all to be belovèd;
And yet have hearts
So hard, that darts
From eyes have never movèd!

You, cruel Saints!
That slight complaints,
And scorn to pity any;
I hope to see
The time, when ye
Shall be in love with many!

Which when I hear,
Then I will swear
That you are rightly fitted;
And that himself,
The little Elf
On you hath well acquitted!

But do your worst!
I'm not accurst!
My Mistress is no coy one!
For She is kind;
And hath no mind
Within her, to destroy one!

TO LYDIA.

You boast, that you are beautiful; and wear
A several rich gown, every week i' th' year!
That, every day, new Servants you do win!
But yet no virtue have, to glory in.
One of less beauty and less bravery, and
Servantless, sooner should my heart command!
Beauty will fade, and ruins leave behind;
Give me the lasting beauty of the mind!
Servants and clothes are the enamel oft
Of bodies too luxurious and soft!
Leave vaunting, Lydia! therefore, till you can
Speak one true virtue; and I'll hear you then!

TIME is a feathered thing,
And (whilst I praise
The sparklings of thy looks; and call them rays)
Takes wing!
Leaving behind him, as he flies,
An unperceivèd dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst th' are told,
Do make us old;
And every sand of his fleet Glass,
Increasing age as it doth pass,
Insensibly sows wrinkles there,
Where flowers and roses do appear.

Whilst we do speak, our fire
Doth into ice expire!
Flames turn to frost!
And ere we can
Know how, our crow turns swan!
Or how a silver snow
Springs there, where jet did grow!
Our fading Spring is, in dull Winter lost! . . .

THE lark now leaves his wat'ry nest;
  And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings!
He takes this window for the East;
  And to implore your light, he sings!
    Awake! Awake! The Morn will never rise,
    Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes!

The Merchant bows unto the Seaman's Star;
  The Ploughman, from the Sun his season takes:
But still the Lover wonders, What they are,
  Who look for day before his Mistress wakes!
    Awake! Awake! Break through your veils of lawn;
    Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn!

THE SOLDIER GOING TO THE FIELD.

PRESERVE thy sighs, unthrifty Girl!
    To purify the air!
Thy tears to thread, instead of pearl,
    On bracelets of thy hair!

The trumpet makes the echo hoarse;
    And wakes the louder drum!
Expense of grief gains no remorse;
    When sorrow should be dumb!

For I must go, where lazy Peace
Will hide her drowsy head;
And, for the sport of Kings, increase
The number of the dead!

But, first, I'll chide thy cruel theft!
Can I in War delight;
Who (being of my heart bereft)
Can have no heart to fight?

Thou know'st, the sacred laws of old
Ordained a thief should pay,
To quit him of his theft, sevenfold
What he had stolen away!

Thy payment shall but double be!
O; then, with speed, resign
My own seducèd heart to me,
Accompanied with thine!

THE DYING LOVER.

DEAR Love, let me this evening die!
O, smile not, to prevent it!
Dead, with my rivals let me lie;
Or we shall both repent it!
Frown quickly then; and break my heart!
That so, my way of dying
May, though my life was full of smart,
Be worth the World's envying!

Some, striving knowledge to refine,
  Consume themselves with thinking!
And some, who friendship seal in wine,
  Are kindly killed with drinking!
And some are wracked on th' Indian coast;
  Thither by gain invited!
Some are in smoke of battles lost;
  Where drums, not lutes, delighted!

Alas, how poorly these depart;
  Their graves still unattended!
Who dies not of a broken heart,
  Is not of Death commended!
His memory is only sweet,
  All praise and pity moving,
Who kindly, at his Mistress' feet,
  Does die with over-loving!

And now, thou frown'st; and now, I die!
  My corpse by Lovers followed:
Which, straight, shall by dead Lovers lie;
  That ground is only hallowed!
If Priests are grieved I have a grave,
  My death not well approving;
The Poets my estate shall have,
  To teach them the Art of Loving!

And now, let Lovers ring their bells!
  For me, poor Youth, departed;
Who kindly in his love excels,
  By dying broken-hearted!
My grave, with flowers let Virgins strow;
  Which, if thy tears fall near them,
May so transcend in scent and show,
  As thou wilt shortly wear them!

Such flowers, how much will Florists prize;
  Which, on a Lover growing,
Are watered with his Mistress' eyes,
  With pity ever flowing!
A grave so decked, will (though thou art
  Yet fearful to come nigh me!)
Provoke thee, straight, to break thy heart;
  And lie down boldly by me!

Then everywhere all bells shall ring;
  All light to darkness turning!
Whilst ev'ry Quire shall sadly sing;
  And Nature's self wear mourning!
Yet we hereafter may be found,
  By Destiny's right placing,
Making, like flowers, love underground;
  Whose roots are still embracing!

WAKE all the dead! What ho! What ho!
How soundly they sleep, whose pillows lie low!
They mind not poor Lovers; who walk above,
On the decks of the world, in storms of Love!
  No whisper now, nor glance, can pass
  Through wickets, or through panes of glass;
For our windows and doors are shut and barred!
Lie close, in the church! and in the churchyard!
  In ev'ry grave, make room! make room!
The world 's at an end; and we come! we come!

  The State is now LOVE's foe! LOVE's foe!
Has seized on his Arms, his quiver and bow!
Has pinioned his wings, and fettered his feet;
Because he made way for Lovers to meet!
  But, O, sad chance! his Judge was old!
  Hearts cruel grow, when blood grows cold!
No man, being young, his process would draw!
O, heavens! that LOVE should be subject to law!
  Lovers, go, woo the dead! the dead!
Lie two in a grave; and to bed! to bed!

'Tis, in good truth, a most wonderful thing,
(I am e'en ashamed to relate it!)
That Love so many vexations should bring;
And yet few have the wit to hate it!

Love's weather in Maids should seldom hold fair;
Like April's, mine shall quickly alter!
I'll give him, to-night, a lock of my hair;
To whom, next day, I'll send a halter!

I cannot abide these malapert Males!
Pirates of Love, who know no duty!
Yet Love, with a storm, can take down their sails;
And they must strike to Adm'ral Beauty!

Farewell, to that Maid, who will be undone!
Who, in markets of men (where plenty
Is cried up and down!) will die, even for one!
I will live to make fools of twenty!

AN HORATIAN ODE

UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND.

THE forward youth, that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear;
Nor, in the shadows, sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil the unused armour's rust;
Removing from the wall,
The corslet of the Hall.

So, restless CROMWELL could not cease
In the inglorious Arts of Peace;
But, through adventurous War,
Urgèd his active star.

And, like the three-forked lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did through his own Side,
His fiery way divide.

(For 'tis all one to courage high,
The emulous! or enemy!
And with such to enclose,
Is more than to oppose!)

Then, burning, through the air he went,
And Palaces and Temples rent;
And CÆSAR's head, at last,
Did, through his laurels, blast.

'Tis madness to resist, or blame,
The face of angry heaven's flame!
And, if we would speak true,
Much to the Man is due:

Who, from his private gardens, (where
He lived reservèd and austere,
As if his highest plot,
To plant the bergamot!)

Could, by industrious valour, climb
To ruin the great work of Time;
And cast the Kingdoms old
Into another mould.

Though Justice, against Fate complain;
And plead the Ancient Rights in vain:
But those do hold, or break,
As men are strong, or weak!

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less;
And therefore must make room
Where Greater Spirits come.

What Field, of all the Civil War,
Where his were not the deepest scar!
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser Art;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope,
That CHARLES himself might chase
To Car'sbrooke's narrow case!

That thence the Royal Actor borne,
The tragic scaffold might adorn;
While round, the armèd bands
Did clap their bloody hands.

He nothing common did, or mean,
Upon that memorable scene!
But, with his keener eye,
The axe's edge did try.

Nor called the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right!
But bowed his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcèd power!
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run!
And yet in that, the State
Foresaw its happy fate!

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed;
So much one man can do,
That does both act and know!

They can affirm his praises best!
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is! how just;
And fit for highest trust!

Nor yet grown stiffer with command;
But still in the Republic's hand!
How fit he is to sway,
That can so well obey!

He, to the Commons' feet, presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents!
And (what he may!) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs!

And has his sword and spoils ungirt,
To lay them at the Public's skirt!
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having killed, no more does search,
But on the next green bough to perch;
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

What may not then our Isle presume;
Which Victory his crest does plume!
What may not others fear;
If thus, he crowns each year!

As CÆSAR, he ere long to Gaul!
To Italy, a HANNIBAL!
And to all States not free,
Shall climacteric be!

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his party-coloured mind;
But (from his valour) sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid:

Happy, if, in the tufted brake,
The English hunter him mistake;
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But Thou, the War's and Fortune's Son,
March indefatigably on!
And for the last effect,
Still keep the Sword erect!

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night;
The same Arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain!

ON MASTER MILTON'S 'PARADISE LOST.'

When I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crowned, GOD's reconciled decree,
Rebelling Angels, the Forbidden Tree,
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, All! the Argument
Held me a while: misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong!)
The Sacred Truths, to Fable and old Song.
So Samson groped the Temple's posts in spite;
The World o'erwhelming, to revenge his sight.
Yet, as I read, soon growing less severe,
I liked his Project; the success did fear!
Through that wide field, how he his way should find,
O'er which lame Faith leads Understanding blind:
Lest he perplexed the things, he would explain;
And what was easy, he should render vain.
Or, if, a Work so infinite he spanned;
Jealous I was, that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well;
And by ill imitating, would excel!)
Might hence presume, the whole Creation's Day,
To change in Scenes; and show it in a Play!

Pardon me, mighty Poet! nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise!
But I am now convinced! and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a share!
Thou hast not missed one thought that could be fit;
And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for Writers left,
But to detect their ignorance, or theft.

That majesty which through thy Work doth reign,
Draws the devout; deterring the profane!
And things divine thou treat's[t] of in such State
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate!
At once Delight and Horror on us seize,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
And, above human flight, doth soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft!
The Bird named from that Paradise you sing,
So never flags; but always keeps on wing.

Where couldst thou Words of such a compass find;
Whence furnish such a vast expense of mind!
Just Heaven, thee, like TIRESIAS, to requite,
Rewards with Prophecy thy loss of sight!

Well might thou scorn, thy Readers to allure
With tinkling rhyme! of thy own sense secure:
While the Town-Bays writes all the while, and spells;
And, like a pack-horse, tires without his bells.
Their fancies like our bushy points appear:
The Poets tag them; we, for fashion, wear.

I too, transported by the mode, offend;
And while I meant to praise thee, must commend.
Thy Verse created, like thy Theme, sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rhyme

ROYAL RESOLUTIONS.

When plate was at pawn, and fob at an ebb;
And spider might weave in bowels its web;
And stomach as empty as brain:

Then Charles without acre
Did swear, by his Maker!
'If e'er I see England again,

'I'll have a Religion all of my own!
Whether Popish, or Protestant, it shall not be known;
And if it prove troublesome—I will have none!

'I'll have a Long Parliament always to friend,
And furnish my treasure, as fast as I spend;
And if they will not—they shall have an end! . . .

['I'll have as fine Bishops as were e'er made with hands,
With consciences flexible to my commands;
But if they displease me—I'll have all their lands!

'I'll have a fine Navy, to conquer the seas,
And the Dutch shall give caution for their Provinces;
And if they should beat me—I'll do what they please!

'I'll have a fine Court, with ne'er an old face;
And always, who beards me, shall have the next grace!
And I, either will vacate, or buy, him a place.

'I'll have a Privy Purse, without a control!
I'll wink all the while my revenue 's stole;
And if any is questioned—I'll answer the whole!']

'My insolent brother shall bear all the sway.
If Parliaments murmur, I'll send him away;
And call him again as soon as I may.

'I'll have a rare son, in marrying though marred,
Shall govern, if not my Kingdom, my Guard!
And shall be successor to me, or GERRARD.

'I'll have a new London, instead of the old,
With wide streets, and uniform, to my own mould;
But if they build too fast—I'll bid them, "Hold!"

'The ancient Nobility, I will lay by!
And new ones create, their rooms to supply;
And they shall raise fortunes for my own fry!

'Some one I'll advance, from a common descent,
So high, that he shall hector the Parliament;
And all wholesome laws for the public prevent:

'And I will assert him to such a degree,
That all his foul treasons, though daring and high,
Under my Hand and Seal, shall have indemnity. . . .

'Which if any bold Commoner dare to oppose,
I'll order my Bravoes, to cut off his nose!
Though, for 't, I, a branch of Prerogative lose. . . .

'I'll wholly abandon all Public Affairs,
And pass all my time with Buffoons and Players;
And saunter to NELLY, when I should be at Prayers.

'I'll have a fine pond, with a pretty decoy,
Where many strange fowl shall feed and enjoy,
And still, in their language, quack, *Vive le Roi!*'

[illegible] all my hours in a shady old grove:
[illegible] but the day that I see not my Love!
[illegible] every walk now my Phillis is gone:
[illegible] when I think we were there all alone!
[illegible] then I think there's no such Hell
[illegible] loving too well!

[illegible] shade, and each conscious bow'r, that I find,
[illegible] have been happy, and she has been
[illegible]
[illegible] the print left of her shape in the green,
And imagine the pleasure may yet come again:
O, then 'tis! O, then I think no joy 's above
The pleasures, the pleasures of Love!

While alone to myself, I repeat all her charms;
She I love, may be locked in another man's arms!
She may laugh at my cares! and so false she may be,
To say all the kind things, she before said to me!
O, then 'tis! O, then I think there 's no such Hell
Like loving, like loving too well!

But when I consider the truth of her heart,
Such an innocent Passion! so kind, without art!
I fear I have wronged her; and hope she may be
So full of true love, to be jealous of me!
O, then 'tis! O, then I think no joy 's above
The pleasures, the pleasures of Love!

The text of 1660 A.D.

FROM the fair Lavinian shore,
I, your markets come to store!
Muse not, though so far I dwell;
And my wares come here to sell.
Such is the sacred hunger of gold!
Then come to my pack, while I cry, 'What d' ye lack?
What d' ye buy? For here, it is to be sold!'

Will you buy any honesty? Come away,
I sell it openly by day!
I bring no forcèd lights, nor candle,
To cozen you! Come, buy, and handle!
This will shew the Great Man good!
The Tradesman, where he swears and lies!
The Lady of a noble blood,
The City Dame, to rule her eyes!
You are rich men now, come, buy; and then
I will make you richer honest men!

In the 1669 text, the second stanza above is omitted; and is replaced by the two following stanzas.

I have Beauty! Honour! Grace!
Fortune! Favour! Time! and Place!
And what else thou wouldst request;
Even the thing thou likest best!

First, let me have but a touch of thy gold;
Then come to me, lad!
Thou shalt have, what thy dad
Never gave; for here it is to be sold!

Madam, come, see what you lack!
Here 's complexion in my pack!
White and red, you may have in this place;
To hide your old ill-wrinkled face!
First, let me have but a touch of thy gold;
Then shalt thou seem
Like a wench of fifteen;
Although thou be threescore years old!

EXCUSE FOR ABSENCE.

You'll ask, perhaps, Wherefore I stay,
Loving so much, so long away?
Do not think, 'twas I did part!
It was my body; not my heart!
For, like a compass, in your love
One foot is fixed, that cannot move!
Th' other may follow the blind guide
Of giddy Fortune; but not slide
Beyond your service: nor dares venture
To wander far from you, the centre!

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast;
For vent'ring to disclose a flame,
It had so long supprest!

In its own ashes, it designed
For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again!

TO THE SAME.

Do not mine affection slight,
'Cause my locks, with age, are white!
Your breasts have snow without, and snow within;
While flames of fire, in your bright eyes are seen!

THE ANGLER'S WISH.

I IN these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me!
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I, with my Angle, would rejoice!
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;
Or on that bank, feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty! Please my mind,
To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers;
And then washed off by April showers!
Here, hear my CLORA sing a Song!
There, see a blackbird feed her young;
Or a laverock build her nest!
Here, give my weary spirits rest;
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love!
Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise
Of Princes' Courts, I would rejoice!

Or with my BRYAN, and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There, sit by him, and eat my meat!
There, see the sun both rise and set!
There, bid good morning to next day!
There, meditate my time away!
And Angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave!

RESOLVED TO BE BELOVED.

'Tis true, I have loved already three, or four;
And shall three, or four, hundred more!
I'll love each Fair One that I see;
Till I find one, at last, that shall love me!

That shall my Canaan be! The fatal soil
That ends my wand'rings, and my toil!
I'll settle there, and happy grow:
The country does with milk and honey flow!

The needle trembles so, and turns about,
Till it the Northern Point find out:
But constant then and fixed does prove!
Fixed! that his dearest Pole as soon may move!

Then may my vessel torn and shipwrecked be,
If it put forth again to sea!
It never more abroad shall roam; [home!
Though 't could, next voyage, bring the Indies

But I must sweat in Love! and labour yet
Till I a competency get.
They're slothful fools; who leave a trade,
Till they a moderate fortune by 't have made!

Variety, I ask not! Give me One
To live perpetually upon!
The person Love does to us fit,
Like manna, hath the taste of *all* in it!

THE INCONSTANT.

I NEVER yet could see that face
  Which had no dart for me!
From fifteen years, to fifty's space,
  They all victorious be!
LOVE; thou'rt a Devil! if I may call thee One;
For, sure, in me, thy name is Legion!

Colour, or Shape; good Limbs, or Face;
  Goodness, or Wit; in all I find.
In motion, or in speech, a grace:
  If all fail; yet 'tis Womankind!
And I'm so weak! the pistol need not be
Double, or treble, charged, to murder me!

If Tall, the name of 'proper' slays!
  If Fair, She 's pleasant as the light!
If Low, her prettiness does please!
  If Black, what Lover loves not night!
If Yellow-haired, I love! lest it should be
Th' excuse to others, for not loving me.

The Fat, like Plenty, fills my heart!
  The Lean, with love makes me so too!
If straight; her body 's CUPID's dart!
  To me, if crookèd; 'tis his bow!
Nay, Age itself does me to rage incline;
And strength to women gives, as well as wine!

Just half as large as Charity,
My richly-landed Love 's become!
And, judged aright, is Constancy;
Though it take up a larger room.
Him, who loves always One; why should they call
More constant, than the man loves always All?

Thus, with unwearied wings, I flee
Through all LOVE's gardens and his fields;
And, like the wise industrious bee,
No weed but honey to me yields!
Honey still spent, this diligence still supplies;
Though I return not home with laden thighs.

My soul, at first, indeed did prove
Of petty strength against a dart;
Till I this habit got of Love:
But my consumed and wasted heart,
Once burnt to tinder with a strong desire,
Since that, by every spark, is set on fire!

THE WISH.

WELL then, I now do plainly see
This busy World and I shall ne'er agree!
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does, of all meats, the soonest cloy!
And they, methinks, deserve my pity;
Who, for it, can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings,
Of this great hive, the City!

Ah! yet, ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have!
And a few friends, and many books; both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since Love ne'er will from me flee;
A Mistress moderately fair,
And good as Guardian Angels are;
Only beloved, and loving me!

O, founts! O, when, in you, shall I
Myself, eased of unpeaceful thoughts, espy!
O, fields! O, woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade!
Here 's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood!
Here 's wealthy Nature's treasury!
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coined and stamped for good!

Pride and Ambition here,
Only in far-fetched metaphors appear!
Here, nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter;
And nought but Echo flatter!
The Gods, when they descended, hither
From heaven did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither!

How happy here, should I
And one dear She, live; and, embracing, die!
She who is all the World; and can exclude
In deserts, solitude!
I should have then, this only fear.
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should all come, im'tate me;
And so make a City here!

WHAT shall I do, to be for ever known;
And make the Age to come, mine own?
I shall, like beasts, or common people, die;
Unless you write mine Elegy!
Whilst others, Great by being born are grown;
Their mothers' labour, not their own!
In this scale, Gold; in th' other, Fame does lie;
The weight of that mounts this so high!
These men are FORTUNE's jewels, moulded bright,
Brought forth with their own fire and light.
If I, her vulgar stone, for either look;
Out of myself, it must be strook!

Yet I must on! What sound is 't strikes mine ear?
Sure, I, FAME's trumpet hear!
It sounds like the Last Trumpet; for it can
Raise up the buried man!
Unpassed Alps stop me: but I'll cut through all;
And march, the Muses' HANNIBAL!

Hence, all ye flattering vanities, that lay
Nets of roses in the way!
Hence, the desire of honours, or estate;
And all that is not above Fate!
Hence, LOVE himself! that tyrant of my days;
Which intercepts my coming praise!
Come, my best friends, my books; and lead me on!
'Tis time, that I were gone!

Welcome, great Stagirite! and teach me now
All I was born to know!
Thy Scholar's victories, thou dost far outdo!
He conquered th' earth; the whole world you!
Welcome, learned CICERO! whose blessed tongue
Preserves Rome's greatness yet! [and wit
Thou art the first of Orators! only he
Who best can praise thee, next must be!
Welcome, the Mantuan Swan, VIRGIL the wise;
Whose Verse walks highest, but not flies!
Who brought green Poesy to her perfect age;
And mad'st that Art, which was a Rage!

Tell me, ye mighty Three! what shall I do
To be like one of you?
But you have climbed the mountain's top! there sit
On the calm flourishing head of it;
And (whilst, with wearied steps, we upward go)
See us, and the clouds, below.

AWAKE! awake! my Lyre!
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail!
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire!
Though so exalted She,
And I so lowly be;
Tell her, Such different notes make all thy harmony!

Hark! how the strings awake!
And (though the moving hand approach not near)
Themselves, with awful fear,
A kind of numerous trembling make!
Now, all thy forces try!
Now, all thy charms apply!
Revenge upon her ear, the conquests of her eye!

Weak Lyre! Thy virtue, sure,
Is useless here! since thou art only found
To cure; but not to wound:
And She to wound; but not to cure!
Too weak too, wilt thou prove,
My Passion to remove!
Physic, to other ills; thou'rt nourishment to Love!

Sleep! sleep again! my Lyre!
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail;
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire!
All thy vain mirth lay by!
Bid thy strings silent lie!
Sleep! sleep again! my Lyre! and let thy master die!

THE CHRONICLE.

[illegible] first possest
[illegible] well my breast;
[illegible] first of all!
But when a while the wanton Maid
With my restless heart had played:
[illegible] took the dying ball!

[illegible] soon did it resign
[illegible] CATHARINE.
Beauteous CATHARINE gave place
(Though loth and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To ELIZA's conquering face.

ELIZA, till this hour might reign,
Had not she evil counsels ta'en!
Fundamental laws she broke;
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my Passions rose,
And cast away her yoke!

[illegible] then, and gentle ANNE,
[illegible] reign at once began.
Alternately they swayed:
And sometimes MARY was the Fair,
And sometimes ANNE the crown did wear;
[illegible] sometimes both I obeyed.

[illegible]

Another MARY then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas, should I have been
Under that iron-sceptred Queen;
Had not REBECCA set me free!

When fair REBECCA set me free;
'Twas then a golden time with me!
But soon those pleasures fled:
For the gracious Princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride!
And JUDITH reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
JUDITH held the sovereign power.
Wondrous beautiful her face;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit;
And so SUSANNA took her place!

But when ISABELLA came,
Armed with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye.
Whilst she proudly marched about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out SUSAN by-the-by!

But, in her place, I then obeyed
Black Bess, her viceroy Maid.
To whom ensued a Vacancy!
Thousand worst Passions then possest
The Interregnum of my breast!
Bless me, from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henriette then,
And a third Mary next began!
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Katharine,
And then a long *Et cetera*!

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their State,
The powder, patches, and the pins;
The ribbands, jewels, and the rings;
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazines;

If I should tell the politic arts
To take, and keep, men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies;
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries;
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries;
Numberless, nameless mysteries!

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By MACHIAVEL, the Waiting Maid:
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I, like them, should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than HOLINSHED, or STOW!

But I will briefer with them be;
Since few of them were long with me!
A higher and a nobler strain
My present Empress does claim!
HELEONORA, First o' th' name!
Whom God grant long to reign!

THE merry waves dance up and down, and play;
Sport is granted to the Sea!
Birds are the quiristers of th' empty Air;
Sport is never wanting there!
The ground doth smile at the Spring's flow'ry birth;
Sport is granted to the Earth!
The Fire, its cheering flame on high doth rear;
Sport is never wanting there!
If all the Elements, the Earth, the Sea,
Air, and Fire, so merry be;
Why is Man's mirth so seldom, and so small?
Who is compounded of them all.

SITTING AND DRINKING IN THE CHAIR MADE OUT OF THE RELICS OF SIR FRANCIS DRAKE'S SHIP ['THE PELICAN;' OR 'THE GOLDEN HIND'].

CHEER up, my mates! The wind does fairly blow!
    Clap on more sail, and never spare!
    Farewell, all lands! for now we are
In the wide Sea of Drink; and merrily we go!
Bless me, 'tis hot! Another bowl of wine;
    And we shall cut the Burning Line!
Hey, boys! she scuds away! and, by my head, I know
    We round the world are sailing now!
What dull men are those who tarry at home;
When abroad they might wantonly roam,
    And gain such experience! and spy too,
    Such countries, and wonders, as I do!
But, prithee, good Pilot! take heed what you do;
    And fail not to touch at Peru!
With gold, there our vessel we'll store;
    And never, and never be poor!
    No, never be poor any more!

What do I mean! What thoughts do me misguide!
As well upon a staff may witches ride
Their fancied journeys in the air,
As I sail round the ocean in this Chair!
'Tis true! But yet this Chair, which here you see,
(For all its quiet now, and gravity)
Has wandered, and has travelled more
Than ever beast, or fish, or bird, or ever tree, before!
In every air, and every sea, 't has been!
'T has compassed all the earth; and all the heavens
't has seen!
Let not the Pope's itself, with this compare!
This is the only Universal Chair!

The pious Wand'rers' fleet, saved from the flame,
(Which still the relics did of Troy pursue
And took them for its due)
A squadron of immortal Nymphs became!
Still, with their arms, they row about the seas;
And still make new and greater voyages.
Nor has the first poetic ship of Greece
(Though now a star she so triumphant show,
And guide her sailing successors below;
Bright as her ancient freight, the shining Fleece!)
Yet, to this day, a quiet harbour found!
The tide of heaven still carries her around.
Only DRAKE's sacred vessel (which before
Had done, and had seen, more

Than these have done, or seen,
E'en since they goddesses, and this a star has been),
As a reward, for all her labour past,
Is made the seat of rest at last!
Let the case now quite altered be!
And as thou went'st abroad the world to see;
Let the World now come to see thee!

The World will do 't! For Curiosity
Does, no less than Devotion, pilgrims make!
And I myself (who now love quiet too,
As much almost as any chair can do!)
Would yet a journey take,
An old wheel of that chariot to see;
Which PHÆTON so rashly brake:
Yet what could that say more, than these remains of DRAKE!
Great relic! Thou too, in this port of ease,
Hast still one way of making voyages!
The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale,
(The great Trade Wind, which ne'er does fail!)
Shall drive thee round the world; and thou shalt run
As long around it, as the sun!
The Straits of Time too narrow are for thee!
Launch forth into an undiscovered sea;
And steer the endless course of vast Eternity!
Take for thy Sail, this Verse! and for thy Pilot, me!

THE RESOLVE.

TELL me not of a face that 's fair,
    Nor lip and cheek that 's red,
Nor of the tresses of her hair,
    Nor curls in order laid,
Nor of a rare seraphic voice
    That like an Angel sings;
Though, if I were to take my choice,
    I would have all these things!
But if that thou wilt have me love,
    And it must be a She!
The only argument can move
    Is, That She will love me!

The glories of you Ladies be
    But metaphors of things;
And but resemble what we see
    Each common object brings.
Roses out-red their lips and cheeks!
    Lilies, their whiteness stain!
What fool is he, that shadows seeks,
    And may the substance gain!
Then, if thou'lt have me love a Lass;
    Let it be one that 's kind!
Else I'm a Servant to the Glass
    That 's with Canary lined!

THE COUNSEL.

Why 's my friend so melancholy?
  Prithee, why so sad? why so sad?
Beauty 's vain; and Love 's a folly!
  Wealth and women make men mad!
To him, that has a heart that 's jolly,
  Nothing 's grievous! nothing 's sad!
    Come, cheer up, my Lad!

Does thy Mistress seem to fly thee?
  Prithee, don't repine! don't repine!
If, at first, She does deny thee
  Of her love; deny her thine!
She shews her coyness but to try thee;
  And will triumph, if thou pine.
    Drown thy thoughts in wine!

Try again; and don't give over!
  Ply her! She 's thine own! She 's thine own!
Cowardice undoes a Lover!
  They are tyrants, if you moan!
If not thyself, nor love, can move her;
  But She'll slight thee, and be gone:
    Let her then alone!

If thy courtship can't invite her
  Nor to condescend, nor to bend;
Thy only wisdom is to slight her,
  And her beauty discommend.
Such a niceness will requite her!
  Yet if thy love will not end;
    Love thyself, and friend!

'Tis true, I never was in love;
  But now I mean to be!
    For there 's no art
    Can shield a heart
  From love's supremacy.

Though, in my nonage, I have seen
  A world of taking faces;
I had not age, nor wit, to ken
  Their several hidden graces.

Those virtues which, though thinly set,
  In others are admired,
In thee, are all together met;
  Which make thee so desired,

That though I never was in love,
  Nor never meant to be;
    Thyself and parts,
    Above my arts,
  Have drawn my heart to thee.

I HAVE been in love, and in debt, and in drink,
This many and many a year!
And those are three plagues enough, any should think,
For one poor mortal to bear!
'Twas Love made me fall into drink;
And drink made me run into debt!
And though I have struggled, and struggled, and strove;
I cannot get out of them yet!

There 's nothing but money can cure me;
And rid me of all my pain!
'Twill pay all my debts;
And remove all my lets!
And my Mistress, that cannot endure me,
Will love me, and love me again!
Then I'll fall to my loving and drinking amain!

UPON BLACK EYES, AND BECOMING FROWNS.

Black Eyes! in your dark orbs do lie
My ill, or happy, destiny!
If with clear looks you me behold;
You give me mines and mounts of gold!
If you dart forth disdainful rays;
To your own dye, you turn my days!
Black Eyes! in your dark orbs, by changes dwell,
My bane, or bliss! my Paradise, or Hell!

That Lamp, which all the stars doth blind,
Yields to your lustre, in some kind;
Though you do wear, to make you bright,
No other dress but that of night.
He glitters only in the day;
You, in the dark, your beams display!
Black Eyes! in your two orbs, &c.

The cunning thief that lurks for prize,
At some dark corner watching lies:
So that heart-robbing God doth stand
In your black lobbies, shaft in hand,
To rifle me of what I hold
More precious far, than Indian gold!
Black Eyes! in your dark orbs, &c.

O, powerful negromantic eyes!
Who in your circles strictly pries,
Will find that CUPID, with his dart,
In you, doth practise the Black Art;
And, by those spells I am possest,
Tries his conclusions in my breast.
Black Eyes! in your dark orbs, &c.

Look on me, though in frowning wise!
Some kinds of frowns become Black Eyes;
As pointed diamonds, being set,
Cast greater lustre out of jet.
Those pieces, we esteem most rare,
Which in night-shadows postured are!
Darkness in Churches congregates the sight!
Devotion strays in glaring light!
Black Eyes! in your dark orbs, &c.

A BALLAD WHEN AT SEA.

To you, fair Ladies, now at land,
  We Men at sea indite;
But, first, would have you understand
  How hard it is to write!
The Muses now, and NEPTUNE too,
We must implore, to write to you!
        With a fa, la, la, la, la!

But though the Muses should be kind,
  And fill our empty brain:
Yet if rough NEPTUNE cause the wind
  To rouse the azure Main,
Our paper, pens, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
        With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Then if we write not by each post,
  Think not that we're unkind!
Nor yet conclude that we are lost
  By Dutch, by French, or wind!

Our griefs will find a speedier way:
The tide shall bring them twice a day!
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

The King, with wonder and surprise,
Will think the sea's grown bold:
For that the tide does higher rise
Than e'er it did of old:
But let him know, that 'tis our tears
Send floods of grief to Whitehall Stairs!
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Should Count Toulouse but come to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The French would scorn so weak a foe,
Where they can get no glory!
For what resistance can they find
From men, who've left their hearts behind!
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

To pass our tedious time away,
We throw the merry Main;
Or else at serious Ombre play.
But why should we, in vain,
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone, when we left you!
With a fa, la, la, la, la!

When any mournful tune you hear,
  That dies in ev'ry note,
As if it sighed for each man's care,
  For being so remote:
Then think, How often love we've made
To you! while all those tunes were played.
        With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Let wind and weather do their worst;
  Be you, to us but kind!
Let Frenchmen vapour! Dutchmen curse!
  No sorrows we shall find!
'Tis then, no matter how things go!
Nor who 's our friend! [n]or who 's our foe!
        With a fa, la, la, la, la!

Thus, having told you all our loves,
  And likewise all our fears;
In hopes this Declaration moves
  Some pity to our tears,
Let 's hear of no inconstancy!
We have too much of that at sea!
        With a fa, la, la, la, la!

A COUNTRY LIFE.

How sacred and how innocent
    A Country Life appears!
How free from tumult, discontent;
    From flattery, or fears!

This was the first and happiest life,
    When Man enjoyed himself;
Till pride exchangèd peace for strife,
    And happiness for pelf!

'Twas here, the Poets were inspired;
    Here, taught the multitude!
The brave, they here with honour fired;
    And civilized the rude!

That Golden Age did entertain
    No Passion but of Love;
The thoughts of ruling, and of gain,
    Did ne'er their fancies move!

None then did envy neighbour's wealth,
    Nor plot to wrong his bed:
Happy in friendship and in health,
    On roots, not beasts, they fed.

They knew no Law, nor Physic then;
    Nature was all their wit!
And if there yet remain to men
    Content; sure, this is it!

What blessings doth this World afford
    To tempt, or bribe, desire!
Her courtship is all fire and sword;
    Who would not then retire!

Then, welcome, dearest Solitude!
    My great felicity!
Though some are pleased to call thee 'rude,'
    Thou art not so; but we!

Them that do covet only rest,
    A cottage will suffice!
It is not brave to be possest
    Of earth; but to despise!

Opinion is the rate of things;
    From hence our peace doth flow.
I have a better fate than Kings;
    Because I think it so!

When all the stormy World doth roar;
    How unconcerned am I!
I cannot fear to tumble lower,
    Who never could be high.

Secure in these unenvied walls,
    I think not on the State!
And pity no man's case, that falls
    From his ambition's height!

Silence and Innocence are safe!
    A heart that 's noble true,
At all these little arts can laugh,
    That do the World subdue.

While others revel it in State;
    Here, I'll contented sit,
And think I have as good a fate
    As Wealth and Pomp admit!

Let some in courtship take delight,
    And to th' Exchange resort;
Then revel out a winter's night,
    Not making love, but sport!

These never know a noble flame!
    'Tis lust! scorn! or design!
While Vanity plays all their game;
    Let Peace and Honour, mine!

When the inviting Spring appears,
    To Hyde Park let them go;
And, hasting hence, be full of fears
    To lose Spring Garden's show.

Let others, nobler, seek to gain
    In knowledge, happy fate:
And others busy them in vain
    To study ways of State.

But I, resolvèd from within,
    Confirmèd from without,
In privacy intend to spin
    My future minutes out!

And from this Hermitage of mine,
    I banish all wild toys!
And nothing, that is not divine,
    Shall dare to tempt my joys!

There are, below, but two things good;
    Friendship and Honesty!
And only those, of all, I would
    Ask for felicity.

In this retired and humble seat,
    Free from both war and strife,
I am not forced to make retreat;
    But choose to spend my life!

CHLORIS,

On the Queen's landing at Bridlington Quay, 22nd February, 1643.

See! see! my Chloris comes in yonder bark!
Blow gently, winds! For if ye sink that ark,
You'll drown the world with tears; and, at one breat
Give to us all a universal death!

Hark! hark! how Arion, on a dolphin, plays
To my sweet Shepherdess his Roundelays!
See! how the Sirens flock to wait upon her,
As Queen of Love; and they, her Maids of Hon

Behold, great Neptune 's risen from the deep,
With all his Tritons; and begins to sweep
The rugged waves into a smoother form,
Not leaving one small wrinkle of a storm.

Mark! how the winds stand still; and on her gaze
See! how her beauty doth the fish amaze!
The whales have begged this boon of wind and weathe
That, on their backs, they may convey her hither.

And see! she lands just like the rising sun!
That leaves the briny lake, when night is done.
Fly! fly! Amintor! to thy envied bliss;
And let not th' earth rob thee of her greeting kiss

A LADY TO A YOUNG COURTIER.

LOVE thee! good sooth, not I!
    I've somewhat else to do!
Alas, you must go learn to talk,
    Before you learn to woo!
    Nay, fie! stand off! go to!

Because you're in the fashion,
    And newly come to Court;
D' ye think, your clothes are Orators
    T' invite us to the sport!
    Ha! Ha! Who will not jeer thee for 't!

Ne'er look so sweetly, Youth!
    Nor fiddle with your band!
We know, you trim your borrowed curls
    To shew your pretty hand!
    But 'tis too young, for to command!

Go, practise how to jeer!
    And think each word a jest!
That 's the Court wit! Alas, you're out!
    To think, when finely drest,
    You please me, or the Ladies, best! . . .

Mark, how Sir WHACHAM fools!
I! [*Aye*!] marry, there 's a Wit!
Who cares not what he says, or swears;
So Ladies laugh at it!
Who can deny such blades a bit!

A DOUBT RESOLVED.

FAIN would I love; but that I fear
I quickly should the willow wear!
Fain would I marry; but men say,
'When LOVE is tied; he will away!'
Then tell me, Love! what shall I do
To cure these fears, whene'er I woo!

The Fair One, she is mark to all!
The Brown One, each doth lovely call!
The Black 's a pearl in Fair Men's eyes!
The rest will stoop to any prize!
Then tell me, Love! what shall I do
To cure these fears, whene'er I woo!

Young Lover! know, it is not I
That wound with fear, or jealousy!
Nor do men ever feel those smarts
Until they have confined their hearts!
Then, if you'll cure your fears, you shall
Love neither Fair, Black, Brown: but all!

HIS RIVAL'S DANGER.

TAKE heed, bold Lover! Do not look
Upon my CHLORIS' Eyes!
For every dart is tipped with death,
That from her glances flies.

Nor do not think to save thyself
From danger, or from harms,
By any virtue in her smiles,
Or other secret charms!

LOVE hath commanded her to cure
No other heart but mine!
There is no hope, that she can be
So merciful to thine!

For though her Eyes be murderers:
She hath reserved for me
A balsam, in her coral Lips,
That gives Eternity!

DISDAIN.

TAKE heed, fair CHLORIS! how you tame,
With your disdain, AMINTOR's flame!
A noble heart, when once despised,
Swells unto such a height of pride,
'Twill rather burst; than deign to be
A worshipper of cruelty!

You may use common Shepherds so!
My flames, at last, to storms will grow;
And blow such scorn upon thy pride,
Will blast all I have magnified!
You are not fair, when love you lack!
Ingratitude makes all things black!

O, do not, for a flock of sheep,
A golden shower when as you sleep,
Or for the tales Ambition tells,
Forsake the house where Honour dwells!
In DAMON's Palace, you'll ne'er shine
So bright as in these arms of mine!

AMINTOR'S 'WELL-A-DAY!'

CHLORIS! now thou art fled away,
AMINTOR's sheep are gone astray!
And all the joy he took to see
His pretty lambs run after thee,
Is gone! is gone! and he alone
Sings nothing now, but 'Well-a-day!'

His oaten pipe that, in thy praise,
Was wont to play such Roundelays,
Is thrown away! and not a Swain
Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain!
'Tis death, for any now to say
One word to him but 'Well-a-day!'

The Maypole, where thy little feet
So roundly did in measures meet,
Is broken down! and no content
Comes near AMINTOR, since you went.
All that I ever heard him say
Was 'CHLORIS! CHLORIS! Well-a-day!'

Upon those banks you used to tread,
He ever since hath laid his head,
And whispered there such pining woe,
As not a blade of grass will grow!
O, CHLORIS! CHLORIS! come away,
And hear AMINTOR's 'Well-a-day!'

HOPELESS LOVE CURED BY DERISION.

WHAT! Wilt thou pine, or fall away,
Because thy DAPHNE says thee 'Nay!'?
Wilt cross thine arms, or willow wear;
Because that she is so severe!
Fie! Shepherd! fie! This must not be!
Thy DAPHNE then will laugh at thee!

No! If she needs will be unkind;
On somewhat else divert thy mind!
Go, sport with wanton AMARILLIS;
And dance with lovely nut-brown PHILLIS!
For Love's shadow will deny
To follow thee, until thou fly!

Then, CORIDON! do not despair
For DAPHNE; whom we all know fair
Let no proud Beauty on our plains
Destroy thy youth, with her disdains!
But, if thou find her scorning thee,
Think this, 'She was not born for me!'

A SONG IN PRAISE OF
THE LEATHER BOTTEL;

SHEWING

HOW GLASSES AND POTS ARE LAID ASIDE;
AND FLAGONS AND NOGGINS THEY CANNOT ABIDE!
AND LET ALL WIVES DO WHAT THEY CAN,
'TIS FOR THE PRAISE AND USE OF MAN!
AND THIS YOU MAY VERY WELL BE SURE,
THE LEATHER BOTTEL WILL LONGEST ENDURE!
AND I WISH IN HEAVEN HIS SOUL MAY DWELL,
THAT FIRST DEVISED THE LEATHER BOTTEL.

God above, that made all things,
The heavens, the earth, and all therein,
The ships that on the sea do swim
To keep th' enemies out, that none comes in;
And let them all do what they can,
'Tis for the use and praise of Man!
And I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell,
That first devised the Leather Bottel.

Then, what do you say to those Cans of Wood?
In faith! they are [not], and cannot be, good!
For when a man, he doth them send
To be filled with Ale, as he doth intend,
The bearer falleth down by the way,
And on the ground the liquor doth lay;

And then the bearer begins to ban,
And swears it was 'long of the Wooden Can!
But had it been in a Leather Bottel,
Although he had fallen; yet all had been well.
  And I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell, &c.

Then, what do you say to those Glasses fine?
  Yes! They shall have no praise of mine!
For when a company, they are set
For to be merry, as we are met,
Then if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein.
If your table-cloth be ever so fine;
There lies your Beer, Ale, or Wine!
It may be, for such a small abuse,
A young man may his service lose!
But had it been in a Leather Bottel,
And the stopple in; then all had been well!
  And I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell, &c.

Then, what do you say to these Black Pots three?
  True! They shall have no praise of me!
For when a man and his wife fall at strife,
As many have done, I know, in their life,
They lay their hands on the Pot both;
And loth they are to lose their broth!
The one doth tug, the other doth ill;
Betwixt them both, the liquor doth spill!

But they shall answer, another day,
For casting their liquor so vainly away!
But had it been in the Leather Bottel,
The one may have tugged, the other have held;
And they might have tugged till their hearts did ache;
And yet their liquor no harm could take!
Then I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell, &c.

What do you say to the Silver Flagons fine?
True! They shall have no praise of mine!
For when a Lord, he doth them send
To be filled with Wine, as he doth intend,
The Man, with the Flagon doth run away;
Because it is silver most gallant and gay.
O, then the Lord, he begins to ban;
And swears he hath lost both Flagon and Man!
There is never a Lord's Serving Man, or Groom,
But with his Leather Bottel may come!
Then I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell, &c.

A Leather Bottel, we know, is good;
Far better than Glasses, or Cans of Wood!
For when a man is at work in the field,
Your Glasses and Pots no comfort will yield!
Then a good Leather Bottel standing him by,
He may drink always, when he is adry.
It will revive the spirits, and comfort the brain;
Wherefore let none this Bottel refrain!
For I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell, &c.

Also, the honest Scythe-man too,
He knew not very well what to do,
But for his Bottel standing him near,
That is fillèd with good Household Beer.
At dinner, he sits him down to eat
With good hard cheese, and bread, or meat;
Then this Bottel he takes up amain,
And drinks; and sets him down again,
Saying, 'Good Bottel, stand my friend;
And hold out till this day doth end!'
For I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell, &c.

And likewise the Haymakers, they,
When as they are turning and making their hay,
In summer weather, when as it is warm,
A good Bottel-full then, will do them no harm!
And, at noon-time, they sit them down
To drink in their Bottels of Ale nut-brown.
Then the Lads and Lasses begin to tattle,
'What should we do but for this Bottle?'
They could not work if this Bottel were done;
For the day 's so hot, with heat of the sun.
Then I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell, &c.

Also, the Leader, Lader, and the Pitcher,
The Reaper, Hedger, and the Ditcher,
The Binder, and the Raker, and all
About the Bottel's ears doth fall:

And if his liquor be almost gone;
His Bottel he will part with to none;
But says, 'My Bottel is but small;
One drop I will not part withal!
You must go drink at some spring, or well;
For I will keep my Leather Bottel!'
Then I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell, &c.

Thus, you may hear of a Leather Bottel,
When it is filled with liquor full well,
Though the substance of it be but small;
Yet the name of the thing is all!
There 's never a Lord, Earl, or Knight,
But in a Bottel doth take delight!
For when he is hunting of the deer;
He often doth wish for a Bottel of Beer!
Likewise the man that works at the Wood,
A Bottel of Beer doth oft do him good!
Then I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell, &c.

Then, when this Bottel doth grow old,
And will good liquor no longer hold;
Out of the side, you may take a clout;
Will mend your shoes, when they're worn out!
Else, take it, and hang it upon a pin;
It will serve to put many odd trifles in,
As hinges, awls, and candle-ends:
For young beginners must have such things!
Then I wish in Heaven his soul may dwell!

THE RURAL DANCE
ABOUT THE MAYPOLE.

The Tune. The first Figure Dance at Master YOUNG's Ball, in May 1671.

COME, Lasses and Lads!
Take leave of your dads;
And away to the Maypole, hey!
For every He
Has got him a She;
With a Minstrel standing by.
For WILLY has gotten his JILL, and JOHNNY has got his JOAN,
To jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it, jig it up and down!

'Strike up!', says WAT.
'Agreed!', says KATE;
'And I prithee, Fidler, play!'
'Content!', says HODGE;
And so says MADGE,
'For this is a holiday!'
Then every man did put his hat off to his Lass;
And every Girl did curchy, curchy, curchy, on the grass.

'Begin!', says HAL.
'I! I! [*Aye! Aye!*]', says MALL,
'We'll lead up *Packington's Pound!*'
'No! No!', says NOLL,
And so says DOLL,
'We'll first have *Sellenger's Round!*'
Then ev'ry man began to foot it round about;
And ev'ry Girl did jet it, jet it, jet it in and out.

'Y' are out!', says DICK.
''Tis a lie!', says NICK,
'The Fidler played it false!'
''Tis true!', says HUGH,
And so says SUE;
And so says nimble ALICE.
The Fidler then began to play the tune again,
And ev'ry Girl did trip it, trip it, trip it to the men.

'Let 's kiss!', says JANE.
'Content!', says NAN;
And so says every She.
'How many?', says BATT.
'Why three!', says MATT.
'For that 's a Maiden's fee!'
But they, instead of three, did give them half a score;
And they, in kindness, gave them, gave them, gave them as many more.

Then, after an hour,
They went to a bower,
And played for Ale and Cakes;
And kisses too!
Until they were due,
The Lasses kept the stakes.
The Girls did then begin to quarrel with the men,
And bid them take their kisses back; and give them their own again.

Yet there they sate
Until it was late,
And tired the Fidler quite,
With singing and playing,
Without any paying,
From morning until night.
They told the Fidler then, They'd pay him for his play;
And each a two pence, two pence, two pence gave him; and went away.

Hic jacet JOHN SHORTHOSE,
Sine hose, *sine* shoes, *sine* breeches;
Qui fuit, dum vixit, sine goods,
Sine lands, *sine* riches.

HE JEALOUS, BUT MISTAKEN, GIRL.

'PRITHEE, tell me, PHILLIS!
  Why so pensive now?
I see that sadness still is
  Fixed upon thy brow;
And those charming eyes,
That were, of late, so bright,
    In sighs and tears
    And other fears,
Have almost lost their sight.
    Let this suffice,
    I sympathize
With thee, both day and night!'

'DAMON! dost thou ask it?
  Thou art the cause of all!
Therefore do not mask it;
  For thou hast wrought my fall!
For I gave thee a ring,
Which thou hast CŒLIA gave
    Our True-Love's band
    Was on her hand!
Which ring, thy life did save!
    But woe is me!
    Thy falsity
Has brought me to my grave!'

DAMON then began
  On PHILLIS for to smile.
She called him, 'Perjured man!
  And should no more beguile!'
'No, my dearest PHILL.!
I blame thy jealousy!
    Our True-Love's band
    Is on my hand;
Which thou didst give to me:
    And CORIDON
    Made CŒLIA one,
By that which came from thee.'

Long she sat ashamed;
  And hid her bashful head.
And jealousy She blamed;
  And said, 'She were but dead;
Unless that gentle DAMON
Pardon this offence!
    And let me rest
    Upon his breast;
And there my suit commence!
    I shall not doubt
    To sue it out,
Before I come from thence!'

Then he did embrace her,
  And gave her kisses store;
And vowed that he would place her,
  Where none was ere before;
That is, within his heart,

Which none should e'er remove!
In spite of Fate,
Would be her Mate;
And constant be in love!
And, I say, 'She
As true to thee,
As is the turtle-dove!'

'Tis not how witty, nor how free,
Nor yet how beautiful She be;
But how much kind and true to me!
Freedom and Wit none can confine;
And Beauty, like the sun doth shine:
But Kind and True are only mine!

Let others, with attention sit,
To listen, and admire her Wit;
That is a rock, where I'll not split!
Let others dote upon her Eyes,
And burn their hearts for sacrifice;
Beauty 's a calm, where danger lies!

But Kind and True have been long tried!
A harbour where we may confide;
And safely there at anchor ride.
From change of winds there we are free,
And need not fear storm's tyranny;
Nor pirate, though a Prince he be!

CHLORIS AND PARTHENISSA.

Chloris. Why dost thou, all address deny?
Hard-hearted Parthenissa! why?
See, how the trembling Lovers come,
That from thy lips expect their doom!

Parth. Chloris, I hate them all! They know;
Nay, I have often told them so!
Their silly politic 's abhorred;
I scorn to make my slave my Lord!

Chloris. But Strephon's eyes proclaim his love
Too brave, tyrannical to prove!

Parth. O, Chloris! when we lose our power;
We must obey the Conqueror!

Chloris. Yet, where a gentle Prince bears sway,
It is no bondage to obey!

Parth. But if, like Nero, for a while,
With arts of kindness he beguile;
How shall the Tyrant be withstood,
When he has writ his laws in blood?

Chloris. Love, Parthenissa, all commands!
It fetters Kings in charming bands!
Mars yields his Arms to Cupid's darts;
But Beauty softens savage hearts!

Chorus.

If nothing else can pull the Tyrant down;
Kill him with kindness, and the day 's your own

A THOUGHT OF DEATH.

When on my sick bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My soul, just now, about to take her flight
Into the regions of eternal night;
O, tell me, you
That have been long below,
What shall I do?
What shall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears?

Methinks, I hear some gentle Spirit say,
'Be not fearful! Come away!
Think with thyself, that now thou shalt be free;
And find thy long-expected liberty!

Better thou mayest; but worse thou canst not be
Than in this Vale of Tears and Misery!
Like CÆSAR, with assurance then come on;
And, unamazed, attempt the Laurel Crown
That lies on t' other side Death's Rubicon!'

THE ADVICE.

POOR CELIA, once, was very fair.
  A quick bewitching eye she had.
Most neatly looked her braided hair.
  Her dainty cheeks would make you mad!
    Upon her lip, did all the Graces play;
    And on her breast, ten thousand CUPIDS lay!

Then, many a doting Lover came,
  From seventeen till twenty-one.
Each told her of his mighty flame;
  But she, forsooth! affected none!
    One was not handsome! T'other was not fine!
    This, of tobacco smelt; and that, of wine!

But, t'other day, it was my fate
  To walk along that way alone.
I saw no coach before her gate;
  But, at the door, I heard her moan.
    She dropped a tear; and, sighing, seemed to say,
    'Young Ladies, marry! Marry, while you may!'

If you can find a heart, sweet Love! to kill;
Yet grant me this, to read my latest Will!
May all things smile on you! May nothing cross
Your wish, or will; whoever bears the loss!

May Fortune's Wheel be ever in your hand!
That you may never sue; but still command!
And to these blessings, may your beauty still
Be fresh; and powerful both to save, and kill!

ANONYMOUS.

HIS MAJESTY'S HEALTH.

A Catch.

Here 's a Health unto his Majesty!
With a fa, la, la, la, la!
Conversion to his enemies!
With a fa, la, la, la, la!
And he that will not pledge his Health,
I wish him neither wit, nor wealth;
Nor yet a rope to hang himself!
With a fa, la, la, la, la!